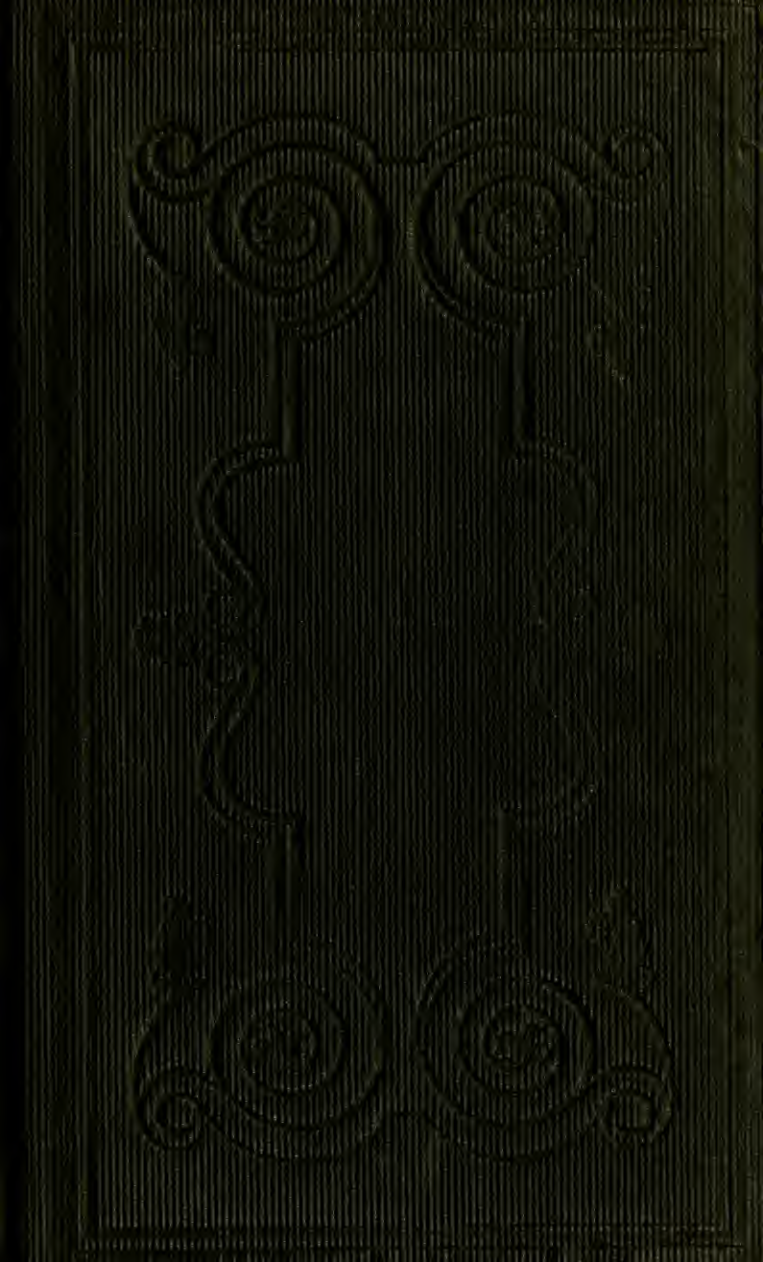

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THE

WESLEYAN STUDENT;

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

AARON HAYNES HURD,

Late a Member of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

BY JOSEPH HOLDICH, A. M.

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"They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

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PREFACE.

SELDOM has the death of a young man produced so strong a sensation as did that of Mr. Hurd, throughout the circle of his friends. Nor was that circle very circumscribed. Few, at his age and in his circumstances, have formed so extensive an acquaintance or given such promise of subsequent usefulness in the world.

It was thought by many to be a debt due alike to the deceased and to survivors, to attempt to rescue his memory from oblivion, and exhibit his example for the benefit of others. This task without any of his own seeking, has devolved on the present writer. It has been executed under the heavy pressure of his daily professional duties; and being now brought to a close, it is submitted, such as it is, to the public.

The author has had several objects in view in preparing this Memoir. He has endeavored to illustrate the means by which the subject of it rose from a state of obscurity and privation, into extensive usefulness and comparative notoriety in the church: to exhibit in their proper light that quench-

less thirst for knowledge and restless energy of character, which led him to grapple with, and surmount obstacles in the pursuit of an education, which most would have deemed insuperable: to mark the gradual unfolding of his mental and moral character, as it started from the smallest beginnings and rose to a high standard of beauty and excellence: to illustrate his crowning grace, his ardent and uniform piety, and his constant devotion to the great end of human existence, viz: to glorify God on earth, and secure a meetness to dwell with him in heaven:—and lastly to show that the maintenance of a highly devotional temper is perfectly compatible with an ardent pursuit of literary excellence; and thus to endeavor to re-unite what have been, greatly to the world's injury, too much separated, piety and learning.

To various classes of persons the example of Mr. Hurd may prove instructive. It may encourage the youth who possesses native talents and energy of character, but is denied the advantages of fortune, instead of indolently or hopelessly succumbing to the pressure of circumstances, to make those circumstances yield to a resistless will, and boldly step forward into whatever openings Providence may present. It may serve to admonish the mind, too ardently engaged in literary pursuits, against that fatal error which has added a Hurd to a Kirke

White and a Pollock, all victims to an excessive, unremitted mental action. Would that we could in any degree, help to correct that fatal delusion which has blighted so many hopeful buds of genius, piety, and usefulness, and steeped so many hearts in sorrow!

We also indulge the hope that his example of youthful piety, may induce some, at least, to follow his footsteps in the cause of that Savior, who alone can consummate the virtuous exertions of this life, with the unfading glories of immortality.

One other important principle, we trust, will be imbibed in the perusal of this biography. It is this. He that in the most strenuous, and best directed exertion of all his faculties, seeks exclusively for goodness, shall, at the same time, secure as much of greatness as his nature is susceptible of; while he will escape those mortifications and fretting anxieties which are the inevitable results of making greatness the direct object of pursuit.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

From his birth, to his engaging as a teacher among the Indians.

One of the most profitable employments of a moral being is a contemplation of elevated virtue as exhibited in individuals of his own species. Such is the power of sympathy in the human breast, that one can scarcely meditate with any intensity upon a character without becoming more or less like it. In perusing the lives of persons distinguished by any remarkable qualities, whether good or bad, their influence seems to impregnate our own breasts; we imbibe their spirit; we seem to lose a part of what we were, and assume a portion of the character that has excited within us the sympathetic emotion. How wise, then, and how kind is that ordination of Providence by which "the righteous are held in everlasting remembrance!" Such examples are an unfailing source of holy and elevating influences.

It is our lot to record the life of one who, on various accounts, may be held up as a pattern to many. He owes his distinction to no adventitious aids. Having in every step of his way to contend with strong counteracting influences, he was emphatically "the architect of his own fortune." Born in obscurity, with little external stimulus to mental improvement, an invalid from his cradle to the grave, and always cramped and fettered by poverty, he still broke through all, and if he did not carve his name in letters of light high up in the temple of fame, yet has he left a painful void in many hearts; and bequeathed as an inalienable legacy to the Church, an example radiant with "the beauty of holiness."

Aaron Haynes Hurd was the second son of Abner and Margaret Ann Hurd. His parents belonged to that respectable and important class, the cultivators of the soil. The mother was a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which the father also became a few years subsequently. Aaron was born at Sandgate, Bennington County, Vermont, on the 7th of April, A. D. 1813. Possessing a remarkably slender constitution, he was, even from his birth a child of affliction, and required the unremitting care of a tender and affectionate mother. The seat of his disorder appears to have been the stomach. His digestion was always

feeble; and hence arose various dyspeptic, bilious, and dysenteric attacks, which, not unfrequently prostrated his strength, and finally consigned him to an early grave. But in addition to these complaints he was severely afflicted with an inflammation in one of his eyes, which for two years baffled every attempt to effect a cure, and was then not healed without a destruction of its sight. This defect, however, was not perceptible except on the closest inspection. His eyes appeared unsually interesting. They were soft, gentle, pensive; and a slight droop in the lid, while the features were in repose, gave to his countenance a peculiarly modest and withal a somewhat melancholy cast.

The afflictions of his early life served to call forth in a singular degree the passive virtues of his character. He was, even then, remarkable for his patience and resignation, and for uncommon sweetness of disposition. These traits rendered him peculiarly dear to the family circle, while his feeble health and frequent suffering made him an object of deep solicitude. He seems to have been regarded as the tenderest of the flock and was dearest to them all. This is one of those peculiar provisions of our Common Parent, by which the fragile things of earth are made to entwine themselves around the strong, whence they derive that comfort and support without which they perish.

The delicacy of Aaron's health had a complex influence on his mental character. If on the one hand it interfered with his going to school; on the other it disabled him in some measure, for enduring the labors of the farm, or the rude sports of his companions. If by the one he was retarded in pursuing the elements of education and memorizing words and rules; by the other he was aided in securing thoughts and laying up a store of wisdom beyond his years. For reading and reflection were his only refuge from the pains which racked his frame.

From the age of six years until nine, his father informs us, he was able to go to school most of the time. But during the intervals when ill health confined him alike from the school and the farm, he was diligently employed in mental improvement. The following is from one who knew him well, and had it from his own lips. "When he was about nine years old he had read all the books he could get, and had committed much of the Bible to memory, no small portion of which was accomplished at night sitting on the hearth by the light of the fire! One day he was rummaging a closet where old books and papers were kept, in hope to find something he had not seen; when fortunately he drew out an old grammar. He rejoiced on opening it to see what a treasure he had found, and

immediately set himself to studying it. While busied with this, his father thought him old enough to begin to assist in the labors of the field, and took him out to drive the oxen for ploughing. He took his grammar along with him and learned much of it by the side of the furrow."

One can hardly help thinking of the words of Edmund Stone the self-taught mathematician—"Does any one need to know more than the twenty-four letters of the alphabet in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" Such instances serve to show how irrepressible is the desire of knowledge, when once it takes firm possession of the soul, and how completely energy and perseverance can triumph over all obstacles in pursuit of its favorite objects.

The mind of young Hurd was early impressed with the importance of religion. Great care had been bestowed on this feature of his character, by her, on whom these duties most naturally devolve; and happy was it for him that his mother was so well qualified to execute this trust. She was a person of a truly maternal heart, vigorous mind and devoted piety; facts to which her son often bore affectionate testimony in after life. From his own account it would appear that she commenced her religious instructions as soon as he was able to think, and that she interweaved the subject of reli-

gion with every unfolding idea. The natural consequence was that a conviction of the great truths of christianity was firmly impressed upon his mind; and by the blessing of God, they produced a powerful influence on his heart. Thus though we may not say of him as it was said of Jeremiah that "he was sanctified from the womb;" yet we may assert that like the youthful Timothy, "from a child he knew the Holy scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation;" and under their teaching he grew up "in the nurture and *discipline* of the Lord." And thus we have an additional evidence of the powerful influence of judicious and well directed maternal education. Who does not know that some of the most distinguished men the world has produced, men whose names shall stand on the lasting records of the human family, owed the shaping of their characters to the plastic hand of superior maternal training? We scarcely need mention a Timothy, an Augustine, a Wesley, a Newton, and a Richmond. In the walks of science the instances are not less numerous than in the church. It was the mother's mind that first gave impulse to the minds of a Bacon, a Good and a Cuvier, and called out their wonderful capacity. It has sometimes been said that talent is more apt to descend on the maternal side than on the paternal. But the truth is, it is the mother who has

charge of the infant mind, implants the first seeds of thought, gives the first direction to its efforts, and first calls forth its powers. Is not this a most powerful argument for female education and improvement? The man will be, much as the mother makes him.

His own account of his state is thus given as nearly in his own words as could be remembered by his friend already quoted. "He had no recollection of the time when his mind was first led to the subject of religion. But a veneration for the character of Christ, an awe of God, a love for christians, an inexpressible happiness in devotion, and a strong desire to promote the salvation of his fellow men, had been predominant sentiments in his mind since he had been able to think and reason." Nor are we to consider this as mere sentimentalism. His impressions produced strong convictions of duty, which at no distant day led him to give a singular proof of his devotion to sacred principles.

In the year 1822 Mr. Hurd removed with his family from Vermont to Upper Canada. They spent two years at Fredericsburg, and during one year only of this time, Aaron was able to attend school. In the spring of 1824, i. e. when the subject of our memoir was eleven years of age, the family removed into the township of Reach, and settled upon new lands, where of course, they had

little access to the advantages of schools or society, and where every preparation incident to new settlements, was to be made for their domestic comfort. In this situation, young Aaron, shut out from the means of improvement spent his time chiefly in agricultural occupations, as far, at least as his feeble constitution would permit.

CHAPTER II.

Engages as a Missionary Teacher—becomes a subject of vital piety—Remarks on his conversion.

THOSE who possess the native elements of greatness and of extensive usefulness, often exhibit in early life indications of their destiny. Even in the most untoward circumstances, occasions of usefulness and activity occur to them which would pass unheeded by common minds. There was an inherent activity of mind in young Hurd, that would not suffer him to be idle; and a kindness of heart that prompted him to enterprizes of benevolence. Even in his present secluded state and unfavorable situation, these began singularly to manifest themselves.

Mr. Hurd's residence was in the territory occupied by various tribes of Indians, chiefly of the great Chippeway nation. A tribe of these formed an encampment in his immediate neighborhood, and it was not long before Aaron began to cultivate their acquaintance, and by the interest he manifested in their welfare, and his curiosity to learn their habits and opinions, by his affability and kindness, he cultivated their warmest esteem. About this time, or somewhat prior, the Christian benevolence of the Methodist Church was directed to these unhappy children of the desert, and several missions were already in successful operation. It was in the autumn of the year 1827 that the tribe in the vicinity of Mr. Hurd's residence embraced the christian religion, and immediately gave the most satisfactory proof of its holy tendency and benign influence. From a condition unspeakably degraded, debauched, and vitiated, in almost every sense of the word, they became a serious, moral and pious community. From being pests of the country and the bye-word and scoff, as well as terror of the inhabitants, they became as remarkable for their orderly deportment, and unvarying honesty; and instead of shocking the ears by the most disgusting profanity, they created surprise and delight by the fervency of their devotion, and their delight in heavenly things. It is not our intention,

however, to enlarge on this topic, as the reader will find an exhibition of it from the hand of our departed friend, written with the ardor of one who was deeply interested in the undertaking and with the vividness of an eye witness.

If this were a proper place for it, we might deduce from these remarks, a strong plea in favor of the christian religion. A change so great, so general, so obvious, and so rapid, we may venture to say, never was effected by mere human agency. We see not only the religious creed of a nation, but their entire moral character visibly altered. The most ensnaring vices, such as lewdness and intemperance, are abandoned and their opposite virtues practised. Nor was this confined to individuals, but often pervaded an entire tribe; and in some cases so rapid was the work that we might almost use the strong language of holy writ, "a nation was born in a day!" The Mississaugah were among the most degraded and filthy of all the tribes. Men and women were addicted to drunkenness almost without an exception. Yet it is of a branch of this people, that the Rev. Mr. Case, Superintendant of the Missions, writes, "ten months ago they were the same unhappy drunkards. They are now, without an exception in the whole tribe, a reformed and religious community. They number one hundred and thirty souls, and the society

embraces every adult, consisting of about ninety persons."* "In another instance, among a body of three hundred Indians, notorious for intemperance, with but three exceptions, all had embraced christianity, and appeared to be thoroughly reclaimed from Paganism, as well as from all sorts of intemperance.†"

The effects resulting from such a change were truly delightful. Every thing about them put on an entirely new aspect. In the abandonment of their vices, and in opening their hearts to the influences of virtue and religion, a foundation was at once laid on which to rear the superstructure of their happiness for both worlds. All those important principles which are essential to an elevated social and moral state, were now adopted among them and carried into practice. The institution and laws of marriage were now scrupulously regarded; the rights of property were respected; the education of children was attended to; habits of industry, economy, and cleanliness were cultivated. In a word, they commenced a determined march towards civilization, with all the elements vigorously at work among them. How overwhelming must be the power of that glorious system of truth, which in so

* Bang's History of Missions, p. 195.
† Ibid. p. 202.

short a time produeed such wondrous effects on such a people!

It was, as before observed, in the autumn of the year 1827, that this work commenced among the tribe in Mr. Hurd's vicinity. Aaron was then in his fifteenth year. Young as he was, his feelings became deeply interested; and when he saw their intense thirst for knowledge, and fervent desire to read the word of God, he could not resist the strong impulses of his own mind to aid their worthy efforts. And thus, though he had not made any public profession of personal piety, he devoted himself to this work of benevolence, we believe, under the direction of the Baptists, and spent in it most of the time he could spare during the winter of this year. Though himself a very imperfect scholar, yet so much did he acquit himself to the satisfaction of these wild sons of the forest, that a foundation was laid for their entire confidence and warmest esteem.

Having thus commenced successfully his labors among the Indians, he was not likely to be long unemployed. In the following year, (1828,) the mission among the Schoogog and Mud Lake Indians, was established by the Methodists; and he was employed by the Superintendant of the mission, as missionary teacher. His school consisted of from thirty to fifty scholars of from four to thirty years of age. A heavy undertaking indeed for a lad of

fifteen, and with such limited acquirements! If his attempt exhibited an enterprising disposition, his success proved the energy of his character, and the natural superiority of his understanding.

The residence and labors of young Hurd among the Indians, seem to have been peculiarly beneficial to himself. We have already seen that when he engaged in this work, he had made no profession of religion; nor does it appear though he had a strong sense of religion in general, that his views of the evangelical economy were very clear. He had not, however, been very long in his present situation before his own heart was more fully imbued with the spirit of the gospel. His situation was evidently favorable to this object. The circumstances into which he was thrown, the impressive scenes passing before his eyes, a sense of the beneficial influence of christianity on the degraded children of nature, with their powerful example before his eyes, and their prayers and conversation in his presence, were calculated more deeply to affect his mind, and more fully to open his heart to sacred influences. The voice of his affectionate mother was echoed to his ear from the Indian's hunting grounds; and the emotions of his childhood were renewed with ten fold power by so palpable an illustration of the efficacy of those principles which he had imbibed from her lips.

Hence in the first summer of his residence among the Indians, as his father informs us, he became a subject of regenerating grace, and from this time forward ever maintained the character of an humble consistent christian. The first time he felt an assurance in his own heart of his pardon and acceptance with God, was while engaged alone in prayer in the deep dark wood. It seems that in a retired part of the forest, he had constructed for himself a little bower to serve as an oratory. Here he retired for secret devotion; and surrounded by,

> "A boundless contiguity of shade,"

he raised his heart and voice to that glorious Being who heareth prayer, and who

> ——————— "is ever present,
> In the wide waste as in the city fall."

And while mourning over his fallen nature, trembling under an apprehension of the purity of the divine law and character, and humbly seeking pardon and acceptance through the blood of the sin atoning victim, he was enabled to repose implicit trust in the merits of the Savior, and feel that joy and peace which invariably flow from a heart-felt and evangelical faith. Freed from the dominon of sin, and the condemnation of the law, he then felt what the elegant and evangelical author of the Task poetically describes.

"Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven,
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy."

Or, in the not less graphic language of the poet of Methodism;

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and natures night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; my dungeon flamed with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

Then in the words of the evangelical prophet, he could say; "I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is passed away, and thou comfortest me."

This account will be variously regarded by different classes of persons. To one class it may seem that a young man of so excellent a character and of such strong religious impressions would need no conversion; or in other words that he was a christian already. To these we cannot in this place make any labored answer. We can only say that whoever has a clear view of the holiness of the Divine Character, the spirituality of the law, and the glorious purity of the celestial world; and at the same time a deep insight into his own heart, will feel that "except a man be converted and become as a little child he cannot enter into the king

dom of Heaven." He that has never felt the necessity of a "renewal in the spirit of his mind"—a moral regeneration—has not yet learned the alphabet of practical christianity. It will be well for him to place himself at the feet of the Divine Teacher, and learn that "wisdom that cometh from above."

Another class will object to the very marked and sensible character of the conversion here related. They would prefer a translation more gradual and protracted; and will doubt the genuineness of the conversion merely from its suddenness. And yet sudden transitions of feeling and character are not so very uncommon as to stamp all pretension to them with absurdity. Who has not known cases in which the inebriate by one energetic volition has been entirely reclaimed? We have also seen related the case of a spendthrift, who by a succession o motives arising from reflection upon the consequences of his habits, was, in a few hours, perfectly transmuted into a miser.* And to illustrate the change of which a human character is susceptible by a succession of external influences, was the design of the philosophic Wordsworth's little poem of Peter Bell. And these are cases in which no divine influence is alleged. With what reason then can the rapidity of a conversion be objected to, under

* Foster on Decision of Character.

the overwhelming motives and especially under the spiritual ageney of christianity? But that such conversions have taken place no man can deny. They must, therefore, have been produced either by a divine or a by a human influence; for no third supposition can be made. Now if any deny that they were produced by the former, he must admit that they were produced by the latter: and this is to allow to a human, what is denied to a divine agency, viz. power thus suddenly to renovate a character. If this conclusion be too absurd, there remains only the other horn of the dilemma, which is, that the changes spoken of were produced by a divine agency; and this ends the contest. But let us consider for a moment. If we have a friend dangerously ill, who would not prefer a marked and rapid cure, to one so gradual as to have him long vibrating between convalescence and mortality? And we all regard the inebriate's case as much more hopeful in a sudden than in a protracted reformation. For ourselves, we think the least time, consistently with our safety, occupied in delivery from a great evil, the better.

Yet we would not attach primary or essential importance to the mere mode of conversion. It is the thing, the vitality, that we insist upon; and this is ascertained in either case, by the same process, viz: the effects which follow, "by their

fruits ye shall know them." "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And the standard is the same whether the conversion be so marked that the very time and place can be referred to, or so gradual that no such reference can be made. If, in any case, the solid proofs of the conversion follow, it were a waste of breath to dispute about the manner of its occurrence. So if the earth be parched with a drought and all vegetation begin to languish, we can rejoice at the rain whether the earth be drenched by a thunder shower or be saturated by the plentiful drippings of a summer cloud. For "there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

"But is there not more danger of a relapse from a sudden than from a gradual conversion?" That depends not on its mode or circumstances; but on its reality, its depth, its completeness. Conversions equally radical and thorough, are equally liable to relapse and equally likely to endure. But then, in this point the argument is decidedly in favor of a conversion rapid in its progress: for to be rapid, it must be perceptible; to be perceptible it must be powerful; and if powerful it must be deep. Such a conversion, perceptible, deep, and powerful, breaks up the "great deep" of the human soul, sunders the old associations and the sinful habits at

once, forces the thoughts and affections into new channels, and prepares the heart to receive deeper impressions from the eternal world, and gives the character a decisive stamp. In such a stirring of the heart, and renovation of the feelings, there is comparatively little liability to mistake. Slight movements of the feelings we may mistake, but there are movements so obvious, so sensible, as to set doubt at defiance. The wind may blow so softly that we hardly know whether it blow at all or not; but it is when we have to look twice to see whether the aspen leaf tremble; not when we see the lofty oak shivered, or the poplar's tall head salute the horizon. And if a rapid conversion be more satisfactory at the time, much more is it so in looking back upon it afterwards. A man may forget or disbelieve a very gradual, imperceptible conversion. But to forget one so rapid and obvious, is much like forgetting having once been snatched from a burning house or a watery grave.

But in all disputes of this kind the scriptures must be our last appeal. "To the law and the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Now it is remarkable that the cases of conversion mentioned in the New Testament are all sudden. Such was that of Saul of Tarsus, the three thousand on the day of Pentacost, the thief on the cross

and the jailor of Philippi. Indeed, I know not an exception. Lydia's is sometimes alleged to the contrary. But this is equivocal: for it is not said whether her "heart was opened" suddenly or by a gradual process. Now, though we are not at liberty to assume that all the modes of conversion are illustrated in the New Testament, and, therefore we need not deny the reality of all others, yet we must not deny the reality of such as are there exhibited. Moreover when all the recorded cases of conversion are sudden, and not one gradual, there must surely be some strong reason for it, and it is not difficult to decide on which side of the argument the advantage lies.

We have not found any minute account of young Hurd's mental exercises at this; nor do we think a detailed exhibition of any importance, however gratifying it might be to our curiosity. The genuineness of his conversion was evidenced by his subsequent character, by the clearness and soundness of his religious views, and by the uniformity of his life. He entertained always a deep sense of the enormity of sin, of the inherent depravity of our nature, and our exposure to the demands of divine justice. He had a clear perception of the way of salvation through the atonement of the Savior, and "being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And

as he ever acknowledged that he was "saved by faith," so he ever "lived by faith," feeling that the sacrifice of Christ was needful to his continuance in "the way of life," as much as to his first entrance upon it. His views of the nature and offices of the Holy Spirit were not less lucid. He believed that as the Third Person in the glorious Trinity, is the efficient agent in conversion, so He is the efficient producer of all good in the human soul. He was not only "born of the Spirit," but he also "walked after the Spirit," and was "led by the Spirit" into all holiness of heart and practice. Thus while the "Spirit itself bore witness with his spirit that he was a child of God," it led him also to furnish a happy proof by his life and conversation of the reality of his adoption into the family of God.

We do not claim for the subject of our remarks unsullied or perfect holiness: yet will the reader as he passes along often feel constrained to admire the loveliness of his christianity, and that beauty and dignity of demanor of which intelligent and scriptural piety is the unfailing parent. He will feel his aspirations after purity; will see the integrity of his motives; the singleness of his purposes; the elevation of his aims; the benevolence and expansiveness of his views; and then, if I mistake not, he will render homage to that religion which

shone in him so conspicuously. Through all the changes of his life he was essentially the same. Whether laboring amid hardships with the Indians; or engaged in his preparatory studies at the seminary; or in the higher and more trying sphere of a college life; whether directly engaged in the offices of religion, or fulfiling the duties which are deemed necessary to the acquirement of a thorough education, he still "walked by the same rule, and minded the same things." If he ever deviated from the dignity of the elevated christian character, it was perhaps in occasional sallies of pleasantry bordering on levity. He possessed an exuberance of animal spirits, joined to a most affectionate and confiding disposition; and these acting on a very lively imagination and a strong perception of the ludicrous, may sometimes have led him beyond the bounds of strict mental sobriety. Of this, however, the writer does not judge from personal observation, but from his own confessions. And yet who does not know that the self accusations of a truly good man are always to be taken with allowance? Certain it is, that he never departed from the integrity of his purposes, nor ever, at school, at college, or in private circles, lost for a moment, the confidence of his christian friends.

But it is not our intention to paint the features of his character. We prefer that they should be

illustrated by his own letters and journal, together with such few characteristic incidents as we have been able to collect. We sincerely regret that the latter are not more numerous; especially as his life, considering its brevity, abounded in incident; but few as they are, they will serve, in some degree, to illustrate many of the more prominent and interesting traits in his character.

CHAPTER III.

Diary—mode of Life.—Trials.

Among the papers which relate to this period of his life, we find the following memoranda of his religious feelings. They were evidently written for his own private use. His object was by a record of events, resolutions, blessings and emotions, to refresh his own mind in after days, and by reviving the impressions of the past, lead to increased devotedness in the future. A journal judiciously kept has been found very useful and interesting both religiously and otherwise; and it is a means of self-improvement and gratification often resorted to by wise and good men. But as there must necessarily be in all such diaries a large share of commonplace sentiments and much repetition, their utility is

not always proportioned to the space they occupy. We shall, therefore, only present such portions of these papers to the reader, as we think best calculated to illustrate his character, and incite others to a pursuit of kindred exeellencies.

The first record of this kind which we meet with was kept while he was employed in teaching the Indians at Rice Lake. With considerable variety of thought and expression for a youth of such limited opportunities, they breathe a burning spirit of piety, and great devotion to the work in which he was engaged.

April 25th, 1830.

"Another revolving day has passed, and I am hastening to the tomb. O, may my soul be ripening for a blessed immortality! Oh, may each day advance me towards my eternal rest! May every tempestuous storm of life serve to waft my little bark across the boisterous ocean of time to the fair banks of Canaan; happy land! But alas, how slow my progress! At one time I seem to pass along with ease, all is sunshine and joy, until I can behold with an eye of faith the promised land; when alas, how sudden the change! A storm of temptation or unbelief arises and deadness covers my soul and threatens to overwhelm me in despair. And then how does a calm ensue and not a breeze glances across my soul.

May 1*st.*

Of late I have been exceedingly happy. I have felt much of that rapturous joy which exalts the soul from earth to Heaven. And now, though somewhat ill, I have peace within, and a blessed hope of Heaven. What joy, what tranquility, and what lasting peace that soul possesses who has communion with his God, and

> "Can read his title clear
> To mansions in the skies."

May 22*d.*

O, how dark and gloomy is the season when Jesus hides his smiling face! The fairest day, the dearest earthly joy, the most delightful scenes are void of happiness; they afford no real comfort to an immortal spirit.

May 25.

Every day brings fresh tokens of thy love to me, Oh, my God! Though thou dost afflict, it is only for my good, to show my proud and stubborn heart the necessity of laying up treasure in heaven, where sickness, pain and death never enter, and where sin can never destroy my peace. O, that each trial, temptation and affliction may beget within me a holy indignation towards sin, the cause of all these evils, and be as "a thorn in my flesh" to prevent me

from resting easily, and to stir me up to more diligence, to ensure a crown among the blessed—an inheritance among the sanctified. But in spite of all these mercies and afflictions which I have received, I feel that my heart is too cold, my prayers and devotions too lifeless.

June 7.

This life is still a season of trials and afflictions. But how necessary that I should be afflicted, that I may make "God my portion forever." O, may my soul trust in the Lord! for the the soul that makes Christ his savior and redeemer shall never be forsaken.

June 21.

* * * * * * *

But of all my foes, my own wicked heart is the most deceitful. For though I try and and toil to keep it to the work, yet it lags and goes but very slowly, and frequently revolts against the Savior and looks back on the vanities of the world with wishful eyes until it loses sight of its guide and is involved in darkness. Why, O my heart, art thou tarrying by the way, wasting the precious time that God has given thee to secure an eternal rest?

This day, I trust, has in some degree been spent to the glory of God. This morning I attended Sun-

day School with Indian friends and endeavored to speak to them. I then went to meeting with my white and Indian friends. I there enjoyed a degree of the love of God in my soul. This evening attended prayer meeting with my Indian brethren. Here the Lord was pleased to pour out his spirit upon us. Surely, O Lord, "one day in thy courts is better than a thousand" "in the tents of wickedness." I would rather be a servant in the house of my God than to dwell in the palaces of the wicked. I would rather spend my life in solitude could I enjoy thy presence, than to be blessed with the company of men and angels without thee. As well might I live without food, or breathe without air as be happy without thee. When thou dost withdraw thy wonted smiles and hide "the light of thy countenance" from me, horror and darkness encompass me round. But when the intervening clouds give way, and I behold but a glimmering ray of heavenly light, Oh how it cheers this gloomy vale and makes this mournful heart rejoice.

August 26.

Since last Monday I have passed through various scenes. I have been engaged in teaching the children of the woods with whom I have spent almost two years. Sometimes I have enjoyed the smiling countenance of my Lord and my labor was delight-

ful. But at other times I have passed through peculiar trials. But in all my trials God has been my support. I often fear lest my labors among the natives of the forest should not be useful. But Oh, thou searcher of hearts, thou knowest the sincerity of my intention. And if I have erred, or if it be thy will that I should discontinue my labors, O! thou fountain of wisdom, direct me aright, and suffer me not to do that which would injure thy cause. If it be thy will that I should go on and continue to labor in thy vineyard, O Lord, support and strengthen me; make me competent to the work; and O! may all my actions be performed to the glory of thy name, and the good of thy cause. And if at any time my labors have been useful, to thy name, O Lord! be all the glory.

Sunday.

Oh! how can I express my gratitude to God for his mercy and goodness to me. Surely his goodness exceeds all that language can express or tongue declare. This is the first Sabbath that I have enjoyed with my red brethren here for some time. It has been a blessed season to my poor soul. It brings to mind the happy seasons that are fled which I have enjoyed with my sable friends at Schoogog, some of whom are dear to me as life. O, shall we ever meet again on earth? If not, may we meet around thy throne above!

Some passages in the foregoing diary will strikingly evince the deep interest which the youthful missionary felt in the welfare of his charge. An exhibition of his life would amply prove that these expressions are a true record of his feelings. Having gone among these untamed people purely to do them good, he immediately began to conciliate their friendship and confidence. To accomplish this, he accommodated himself to their prejudices; adopted their habits; conformed to their innocent customs. He hunted and fished with them; like them he slept upon the ground in a blanket, and partook of their fare. He set himself diligently about learning their language, and such was his success that before long he could use it, not only in common conversation, but he could pray and exhort in it with ease and fluency. Indeed, so far did he carry the use of their language that he was in some danger of forgetting his own: for when he left them, it is said, he was more familiar with Chippeway than with English.

This course of conduct had the happiest effect upon the minds of his red brethren, who are proverbially wedded to their own modes of life. Against him they had no ground for jealousy or

distrust. They saw him only as one of themselve. He identified himself with them, embraced their interests, entered into their sympathies. Thus he secured their confidence, and wound himself into their affections. The consequence was that they received cheerfully his instructions, and all, both old and young, looked up to him for direction and advice. They appear to have regarded him as a brother, and as a mark of their affectionate esteem they conferred on him the Indian name of Pahwahsayashkunk—a name which he seems to have used with no little satisfaction.

We wish most sincerely that it was in our power to present the reader with more facts connected with this portion of our friend's life. But having done all we could to collect them, we have been obliged to give it up. We believe that while at Rice Lake he lived in the family of the missionary, and was consequently in the enjoyment of comparative comfort; as much so, at least, as could be expected in a log cabin of two or three rooms, buried in the dense forest and shut out from civilized life and habits.

While among the Indians he passed through sundry exposures and trials. At one time, in going to a distant settlement, he spent several days on the lake in company with two of the natives in an open canoe. Their provision consisted of coarse Indian cakes and roasted meat thrown together into the

bottom of the vessel, from which each helped himself as his appetite prompted. At night they ran up into a creek or cove, and having moored to the shore, threw themselves down in the boat and slept till morning, with the plank for their couch and the heavens for their canopy.

He was not always quite so well off as this. At a subsequent period, perhaps while among the Mohawks, his lodgings were in the wigwam of a chief. This man was a friend to the missionaries. He had a son, however, who was quite otherwise. He was angry at their interfering with their native habits, and introducing the customs of civilized life, and especially for opposing their intemperance and debauchery. When sober, the fear of his father, the old chief kept him under restraint. When in liquor he was apt to be boistrous and almost ungovernable. One night when Mr. Hurd had retired to rest, this young man came home deep in liquor. He was evidently in a very ill humor. As he cast hasty glances around the apartment, his attention was attracted by the missionary's bed, and he appeared to select him as the object on which to discharge his fury. He picked up an axe which lay in the room, and approached apparently with malignant intentions. The youthful missionary saw the whole movement, and had no doubt that his days were numbered. But he raised his head in prayer

to him that can alike still the waves of the ocean or quell the passions of the human breast, and the tempest seemed to pass from the soul of his enemy. He put aside his instrument of death and retired. Thus the servant of God might say, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill." "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell safely."

CHAPTER IV.

Letters—Diary—Observations on Indian Character.

We present to the reader the following letters written during his residence at Rice Lake. Some, indeed, may think that it would have been wiser to omit these juvenile productions, or at least to modify their phraseology. But we wish to represent him just a she was; and the discerning reader, while he marks the immaturity of the mental germ, will better appreciate the rapidity of its subsequent development.

These letters will serve especially to exhibit his devotedness to the cause of the Savior, and the welfare of the Indians as well as the fervency of his

domestic and social affections. The reader will see, too, that in the midst of his privations and disadvantages he found or made opportunities for indulging his thirst for knowledge, and had, in fact, already formed a determination to pursue a thorough course of education.

The first of these letters is addressed to his father, and is as follows.

Rice Lake, Feb'y 15, 1831.

Dear Father,

Through the mercies of GOD I arrived here on Saturday evening. I was disappointed in getting down in the stage, it being so full. But I happened to find a man going right down to Coburg: he took me in and carried me as far as Shaw's tavern. He there had some friends to visit and said he would call in the morning early and take me on; but I saw no more of him. I then got an opportunity with the landlord as far as Port Hope. Here I was obliged to leave my trunk, not getting any chance to carry it. I have not heard from it, but expect it came down in yesterday's stage. I came across Peter Jacobs at Coburg who went out with me. I found brother Case at Rice Lake. He stopped with us over Sunday, and has now gone up the country. I found brother Evans, and the Indians well. I spoke to brother C. to get me

some books, but I fear he will forget it. And I wish if you should go to York (now Toronto,) you would get me a Latin dictionary and Testament. Should you get this before Philander goes below, I wish you would send down two or three barrels of flour.

I wish to be remembered to all the friends in affection. I ask an interest in all your prayers, and can assure you that you are not forgotten by me. My health is good, for which I desire to be thankful to God.

Write to me as soon as you can. As ever your most dutiful son.

AARON H. HURD.
Pahwahsayashkunk.

Rice Lake, April 23d, 1831.

Dear Father,

I received yours of the 20th of March some time ago, and should have answered it before had I not written a short time previous to receiving it. I was very glad to hear that you were all well, and that the friends in the State were alive and trying to get to Heaven. I suppose you will shortly expect me home; but I do not intend being there until the last of June or first of July. I have been quite disappointed about studying, as brother E. has not been in the school at all and does not intend to take it any more. I have received nothing from el-

der C. and am almost destitute of money. I wrote to him some time since, but have not heard any word from him. However, I think of stopping till the camp meeting which will probably be at Haldimand Four Corners, just below Coburg on the 12th of June. I do not know whether you (had) better send me any money or not. But should you go to any camp meeting, I think this will be as near for you as any, and then you might bring it yourself. I wish you would all come, and then I might go home with you: but if not all, some of you, I think at least may come. When I come I shall expect to go somewhere, where you may think proper, to study and improve my own education. I think I wrote before about a Latin Testament and dictionary, and I wish you not to forget them.

* * * * *

My love to all the friends. I still make the Lord my trust and my support in every trouble. I hope you all will pray for me. You will forgive my bad writing and blundering manner, as I am quite afflicted with a bad swelling in the throat and feel so much indisposed.

Yours as ever,

AARON H. HURD.

P. S. I am getting better of my swelling in the throat.

If the reader be inclined to smile at the conclu-

sion of the letter, he will admire the consideration evinced in the postscript.

The next letter is addressed to Mr. Juna Hix, Hoosac, New York; and seems intended for a circle of friends in that vicinity. It is written in a spirit of affection and piety, and withal seasoned with a pleasantry, which proves that though devout, he was by no means gloomy or morose.

Rice Lake, May 16, 1831.

My Dear Friends,

Perhaps my name, which is Aaron Haynes Hurd, is almost forgotten by you. I therefore send you the following to show, that through the mercies of the living God, I am still in the land of the living, and that although so great a space of time has elapsed since I enjoyed your friendly caresses, I have not forgotten you. Young as I was when I removed from my native place to the woods of Canada, I still look back some times with pleasure, at others with sympathetic tender feelings to the days of innocency and pleasure which I spent with you, when the kind affectionate looks, and the tender caresses of a Grandfather, Grandmother, Uncles and Aunts, made my infant heart rejoice. But oh, what revolutions have taken place since that time! Grandfathers, Grandmothers, friends and relations have gone the way of all the earth, no more to be

enjoyed in this life. And your dear Aaron whom you perhaps thought had gone to Canada to suffer and perish, is now in very good health and employed in the service of King Immanuel, in teaching the red people of the forest the words of Eternal Life. This people, whom you perhaps feared would be more savage to us than the bears or wolves, are my most intimate friends. My heart is so bound up in theirs, that were I to be entirely separated from them, I do not know but I should pine away and die with melancholy. You would be astonished to hear with what facility the children answer several hundred questions on arithmetic, geography, grammar, geometry, natural philosophy, Scripture, and astronomy. Their singing is most delightful. Their voices are sweeter than the voices of birds, and I am bold to say that go far and near throughout the boasted land of liberty, you will not be able to produce (such) delightful singers. Their fervor in their religious devotions is remarkable. I have heard them frequently at the distance of two miles, praising the Lord, and singing the high praises of Jehovah. This I think is the fulfilment of the prophecy, "The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Isa. xxxv. 1.)

I am about sixty-five miles from my father's. I

have not heard from there within six weeks. They were then all in good health, and trying to serve God and get to Heaven. I suppose Father wrote all the particular news last winter, and as I have not been at home, I can say little about their affairs. The last letter that I received from Father, he said he had the preceding evening received three letters from Hoosac. I was much rejoiced to hear that you were all alive, and endeavoring to do the will of God.

My own health is quite delicate though very good now. You would perhaps not think so if you were to hear of my travelling on the water for a number of days in a small open birch bark canoe and lying in the canoe night after night with no other shelter but the open firmament of heaven, and part of the time to live on the flesh of wild cat. But however that may appear to you, it is quite a recreation to me. For I am so much of an Indian, that a mud turtle, or the hind leg of a beaver is one of the most delicious dishes that I can have. I should be very glad to see you, but know not whether we shall ever meet on this side of the grave. But I hope to meet you when the storms of life are past, in the kingdom of Heaven.

As I have said but little about religion, I think it best to say something about it before I close. I feel grateful to God that ever I came to the woods of

Canada; for my heart was so full of pride, and all manner of wickedness, that I fear had not God in his providence called us into the woods and then among the Indians, that I should have sinned on, and been lost. But, praise the Lord! I know that he has brought me from darkness to light, from serving sin and Satan, to the delightful service of the blessed Savior. Philander also is engaged for the salvation of his soul. O, that God may carry on his work in all our hearts to the day of redemption! I long to see the day arrive when all the nations of the earth shall be gathered into the fold of Christ, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. I desire nothing so much as that the "old man may be destroyed in me, and that my heart may be stamped with the image of Christ, the second Adam. And now may the Lord bless us all; and help us so to run the heavenly race that we may obtain an immortal crown of glory! God forbid that any of us should "turn from the holy commandment:" but let us "press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. I would humbly beg an interest in all your prayers; and hope that while you surround the throne of grace, you will not forget your unworthy friend in the woods.

Please present my compliments to all the friends; to H. V. my old playmate; to W. W., Dr. A's sons,

and as many more as I have forgotten. My kindest love to you all, and as much to Grandmother as the letter can contain.

As ever your most affectionate grandson, nephew and friend,

AARON H. HURD.
Pahwahsayashkunk.
(My Indian name.)

P. S. June 15. I arrived at the Mohawks, where I expect to labor for awhile; was kindly received by brother H. and family; feel somewhat embarrassed from not understanding their language; but hope the Lord may be with me in my lonely retreat, and own and bless the labors of his servant. The feelings under which I came to this place were very unpleasant and unhappy. But I (pray God) to bless both me and my labors, that while I am trying to do a little good to this people, I may improve myself both in literature and piety!"

The unhappy feelings of which he here speaks, are more fully explained in the following letter, written to his father while on his way from Rice Lake to the Mohawk settlement.

Colbourn, June 13, 1831.

Dear Father,

Yours of the 1st instant came to hand on Friday

last, when on my way to camp meeting. I was very glad to hear from you; but at the same time, while it afforded pleasure to my mind, it gave me an unpleasant feeling to hear of mother's illness. I should have been greatly gratified could I but have seen her, and I felt a strong desire to come home and see you all. But it seems Divine Providence has not so designed.

I received at the same time a letter from Elder Case pressing me to go down to the Mohawks. He was not at camp meeting; but brother R. urged me; said there was no other teacher to be obtained; that the people were a pious, excellent people, destitute of instruction, and crying for help; and he thought I should do wrong to neglect them.

After other reasons I mentioned for coming home, I told him mother was sick, and I wished to go and see her. He said you cannot cure her if you go, and if you write and tell them you are sorry, it will do just as well as though you went and told them, &c. With great reluctance, I, this morning took an affectionate leave of brother and sister E. and other good friends on the camp ground, and repaired to this place to take the stage for the Mohawks. God only knows whether he has called me there, whether I shall do any good, or how I shall enjoy myself. But I know that nothing but a sense of duty to God, and my fellow men could

induce me to go. There appears to be something that draws me home. What it is, I know not; but I had to exercise all the faith, of which I was possessed, to overcome my inclination to go home.

I feel my own weakness, and ask you to bear me to a throne of grace. I will adopt the language of John Sunday* when speaking of himself. "You think A. H. can do something; no he can do nothing. He is too weak unless God go with him. O! pray that the Spirit of God may go with him." I thank God for sparing my life and yours. I hope to see you about Conference; for I told brother R. not to depend upon me after that. I then intend to lay aside the missionary cause for a year or two, and go to school. I wish you to get the books I wrote to you about if practicable, and try to make some preparation about my going away to school. I wish to obtain an education that I need not be ashamed of. The harvest of the Lord is great, but the laborers are few.

My kindest love to all friends; and an interest in all your prayers, that I may be holy both in heart and life, and that beyond this vale of tears, I may meet you in the kingdom of God above.

As ever your affectionate son,

AARON H. HURD.
Pahwahsayashkunk

*A converted Indian.

Poor fellow! Instead of seeing his father at Camp Meeting, he only received a letter, and that informing him of his mother's illness. Instead of going home, as he expected, he was hurried off to a new and strange field of labor, among a people whose language was entirely unknown to him. One cannot but feel as if his advisers might have had some mercy on him; and yet, perhaps, there were other circumstances which made this course necessary. But it is pleasing to see how he is sustained by a strong sense of duty, and a filial reliance upon God.

Nor will the reader overlook his determination to prosecute his studies. The formation and retention of such a purpose situated as he was, shows his energy and perseverance, while the objects he had in view are creditable to his heart. It is obvious that his design was to qualify himself for greater usefulness to his fellow beings and in the cause of God He wished to become an efficient laborer in the moral vineyard.

During his residence with the Mohawks, he kept as usual a diary of his religious feelings, from which we extract the following passages.

June 19, 1831.

Sunday. It is a matter of serious inquiry to me, for what purpose I am come hither. I have left

all my friends, both white and Mississaugah friends, all that I held dear, all that I esteem on earth: have come hither, turned my back on the world, excluded myself all society, except that of the Mohawks, and have become as a hermit in the world. And for what? Is it for the love of money? No; for I scarcely get a living. Is it the love of fame? No; for my name is hardly known among men. Is it to gratify animal desires? No; all my desires draw me away. What then? Why, it was a firm persuasion that the Lord called me hither. It was my love and attachment to his cause, and my covenant with God for him to live and die, that constrained me to obey his call.

But if the Lord called me hither, it was no doubt to be useful. And is that end likely to be answered? The Lord grant that it may.

The children do not understand my language much; and I understand theirs none at all. But I hope by God's assisstance to overcome this obstacle, and to see the cause prosper here.

The people appear to have the spirit of the Lord among them, and I find great liberty in speaking to them. The word appears to be attended with the powerful energy of the Holy Spirit.

July 1*st*, 1831. *Saturday.*

Another week is now gone into eternity. With

what gratitude ought I to lift my heart to God for his preserving care, and for all the blessings of his gracious providence.

Last week I attended camp meeting in Adolphustown. There I beheld the grace of God gloriously displayed in the conviction, conversion, and sanctification of souls. O, may I ever remember to my advantage that blessed meeting, the petitions I there put up to heaven, and the engagement I made in the sight of God for him to live and die!

I now enjoy very good health, and though I have some trials, yet thank God, the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage.

This day I visited sister Case, dear woman! her work appears almost done. Her body wasted to a shadow, her mind enfeebled and disordered, she appears near her eternal rest.

Though I never saw her before, she seemed glad to see me, and expressed great desire for my prosperity in the cause. She said she had intended to supply my wants at this mission. The Lord reward her a hundred fold for her good works, and good desires.

July 17.

Another week of my life is now gone; another

week of my labors ended. O, how short the space since last Monday morning! It then appeared quite a space of time; but now it seems a point, an imperceptible point. O, how fatal the delusions of those who think that life is long, and that they have time enough and to spare. Reflect, O my soul, upon the shortness of mortal life, and let each moment admonish thee of thy speedy departure. Did my heart vainly imagine that death was at a distance, that years were to revolve between me and the grave, alas how vain, how delusive would be such thoughts! Death is on my right hand and on my left. If I look forward he stares me full in the face. If I cast a look behind, he presses me closely. Every object I behold seems armed with the arrows of death. O Lord, is this my case? In the midst of life am I surrounded by death? And can I live carelessly as if this were my home, my abiding city? Ah no! I cannot rest; I can neither find joy nor peace, unless my God be near. Unless my Savior be with me I am wretched. But when thou, my Jesus, art with me, even in death I live; and after death shall have destroyed my body, I shall live to all eternity. O, what a blessed hope to live with God forever in glory!

My heart has for some time been deeply impressed with the necessity of being holy, and I feel

every day an increased desire to die to the world and live alone to God. O, that I may ever be more humble, more patient, more lowly, and more resigned to the will of God.

August 1*st.*

For a week past I have been much afflicted with a bad cough, and a severe pain in my head. But I was enabled to continue my school until Saturday, when I was obliged through the violence of my head ache to give over. Saturday and Sunday I I was mostly confined to my bed. Sunday morning I went down to the house of God, but was unable to continue during service. However, I was not deprived of the presence of the Lord. Glory to God! he is ever near to support the weak and comfort the afflicted.

This morning I feel a little relieved from my pain, but unable to go to my school. I am all resigned to his will either to labor or suffer for him. Into thy hands, gracious God, I commit myself. Do with me as seems good to thee, only give me grace to do and suffer thy will patiently and cheerfully!

August 8*th.*

Last Saturday I went to Grape Island. On my way I fell into company with two men, one of

whom swore so wickedly it made my blood chill. I reproved him, at which he was very highly offended and threatened me severely. But the Lord gave me strength, so that I was not afraid of his threats. I continued to reason with him until I left him, when he appeared quite calm and spoke kindly to me.

August 13.

My mind has been not a little astonished at a strange appearance of a black spot on the sun today. The sun was drawing towards the western horizon and shined with but a dim lustre when I was called by an Indian woman to see this strange phenomenon. It was a spot perfectly black apparently on the sun. I gazed and wondered at it till it was out of my view.

Lord, what weak creatures are we to be so agitated at any uncommon appearance, and yet to behold thy wondrous works from day to day without the least marks of astonishment or admiration! And how often do we let the dark clouds of unbelief not only appear between our souls and the sun of righteousness, but totally conceal him from our view! O Lord, let me ever behold the light and glory of this thrice glorious Sun, and may I always consider every intervening spot as a fatal omen!

Sept. 28, 1831.

This world is all an empty shadow, a gaudy nothing. It often presents itself under the most alluring prospects and dazzling colors. But it is no sooner enjoyed than it disappears forever. Often it assumes some very pleasing and attractive dress; it draws our attention, wins our hearts, and captivates our souls. We fancy if we could but obtain that one thing, it would complete our felicity. We set out in pursuit of it, and make it our business day and night, to search out the best means to attain that end. We follow hard after it, and though it sometimes flies before us yet we pursue it, and when we are ready to grasp the long sought prize, it vanishes from sight and is gone forever. It is no sooner gone, than we are on the chase for something else, and with no better success than before. At length death strikes the fatal blow and ends a life of cares and disappointments. Happy are they who have made sure of the prize of immortality! O my God, help me to lay hold on that prize! Let every moment as it passes remind me of my final dissolution! And as I hasten to the grave may I approach toward my eternal felicity!

"To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

This was the last entry made in his journal while among the Indians. He was now about to close his missionary labors, and return to the bosom of his family, with a view to carrying out his much loved and persevereingly cherished plan of obtaining a thorough education. On closing this part of his life, we may appropriately introduce the following remarks on the Indian character, which though they do not differ from our previously formed opinions, are interesting as coming from a personal witness, who had more than ordinary opportunities of observation, and who, though young, possessed no small share of penetration. They were related some years after to the friend to whom we have more than once acknowledged our obligations.

"The children were generally good scholars, but more expert than persevering. They would receive instruction with more pleasure, and remember it longer from conversation, than from books, and were especially delighted if an idea or a story could be illustrated by pictures. They were immoderately fond of music.

"Some of the females were beautiful, excellent scholars, and possessed fine, generous feelings.

"Indeed," said he, "there is nothing stoical, as people generally suppose in the Indian character. They would sit for hours talking, laughing and smoking together, perfect specimens of social en-

joyment. They have keen perceptions and sensibiliaties, which they evince by their extreme acuteness in appreciating *puns*, and figurative language. They always exhibit strong emotions whether of grief or joy."

These observations may possess some interest to the philosopher. They serve to establish the identity of the human family. However the character of mankind may be modified by circumstances, and whatever diversities of appearance it may present, it is essentially the same all over the world.

CHAPTER V.

Returns Home—Pious Resolutions—Determines to pursue an education—Letters—Licensed to Preach.

About the first of November young Hurd returned home to prepare for going to school. His hope, however, was destined to be deferred. Soon after his arrival his excellent mother, to whom he was so much indebted, and who had anxiously anticipated his return, was seized violently with typhus fever, and on the 24th of the same month, breathed out her soul to heaven. In this state of

affliction the idea of an immediate separation was painful, and Aaron therefore made up his mind to remain under the paternal roof until the following spring.

The following document found among his papers without date, seems to bear evidence of belonging to this period of his life.

Pious Resolutions

Respecting Study, Prayer and Meditation.

Resolved, 1. To devote the morning to the study of Latin, the noon spells to writing, the evenings to geometry, and the Sundays to reading the Scriptures and other religious books.

2. To neglect no opportunity of obtaining knowledge, nor to let any time run to waste; but to try to gather up every fragment. I will also try to improve by the conduct of others whether it be good or bad.

3. To attend to private prayer four times each day: to wit, just after rising in the morning, at noon, about four or five in the evening, and just before going to rest at night.

4. Each night to search my heart in the sight of God, and earnestly to inquire of him what is in me averse to his will; to think over my actions through the day, and whatever I find that has not been for the glory of God, I will, by his grace, en-

deavor to avoid hereafter. I will also in these times of retirement meditate on the holiness and purity of God, the strictness of his law, and his amazing goodness and condescension towards me and all mankind.

4. To fast every Friday and at those times to be more importunate with God for the revival of his work in my soul; and to recommend in fervent prayer at a throne of grace, my friends who are engaged in the same work of piety and self-denial.

5. That the Sabbath be exclusively devoted to reading God's word, meditating thereon, hearing the word preached, attending Sunday Schools and in private prayer and meditation.

6. Not to countenance sin, nor smile at it, but boldly to reprove it at all proper times.

7. As much as practicable to have my conversation in Heaven.

8. Never to shun the cross of Christ, but at all times when I think it necessary to bear it with patience and christian fortitude.

The determination which Mr. Hurd had formed to pursue a thorough course of education will, we doubt not, be regarded as a strong proof of mental independence. He stood almost alone in his views, and encountered no small degree of opposition. A movement in favor of education had indeed com menced already in the church to which he belong-

ed, but it had not reached his neighborhood. The standard of ministerial acquirements, therefore, was low; and what is worse, those who were most interested could hardly be made sensible of it. The ministers were a simple minded, zealous and useful class of men, admirably suited to the work they had to perform. In intellectual culture they were sufficiently in advance of the people to convey much sound religious instruction; but not enough so to prevent sympathy of thought and feeling between them. Taken from the mass of the people, they used the same language, followed the same laws of association, and employed the figures and illustrations that were common to their hearers. Hence they were easily understood, and their words were powerful. Had they been more accomplished men their preaching would have been useless to their audiences, or at least, much less effectual.

But "the times were changing and men change with them." Already things were in a rapid state of progression. Population was multiplying, society was advancing, the arts of civilized life were improving, thought and inquiry on all subjects were deepening, and the human mind becoming more intense in its thirst for knowledge. Moreover things were changing in the church. At first the church was a nonentity; the materials for forming it had to be gathered. To effect this little more was ne-

cessary than to tell a plain tale of christian history, to " preach Jesus and the resurrection," to set forth the mere alphabet of christian experience. Any one who had felt it could do that, provided he had fluency and fervor. Many such men were raised up who preached " not with the enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." Thousands heard and believed and turned to the Lord. But now the work was only begun, the church was only commenced. Here were the materials in the rough; the stones unshapen, the timber unhewn. Who was to put the materials into shape, and place, and rear the spiritual edifice? Who was to raise the columns, and carve the capitals, and decorate the cornices of the temple? To do this required " workmen that needed not to be ashamed," men of knowledge and of skill.

A great work was now to be achieved. The people were to be well instructed in the word of God. The doctrines of christianity were to be explained and defended. The arguments of infidels and errorists of every class were to be answered, and the truth of christianity to be established. The meaning of the Bible, a book comprising more learning than any other work in human language, more deeply sought and more minutely explained than heretofore. And ecclesiastical polity was to be understood and set forth to the satisfaction of the

people. All the practical duties of men, and all their obligations arising from their multiform relations were to be elucidated and enforced. And in addition to all this, the benevolent operations of the Church—the Missionary, Bible, Tract and Sunday School enterprises—were to be carried forward in accordance with its ability and the demands of the world. Here was an immense work, and, according to the economy of Heaven, it required a corresponding instrumentality. And, moreover, more and more of this devolved upon the Methodist Church, in proportion as she continued to increase in numbers and gain a position of greater importance in the world. Let these things be considered, and who will not admit that the work of the Methodist Ministry required the highest intellectual endowments, the amplest mental stores?

The state of the church was altering still more essentially. In proportion as the membership of the church became more numerous they also became more wealthy, intelligent and influential. As they became more wealthy, they were able to give superior education to their children; as the community thus became more intelligent, they of course became more influential. It was necessary that the ministry should advance likewise in order to keep up with the advancement of the people, and retain their power to do them good. For it was not to be

expected that an intelligent and well educated people would be satisfied with an ignorant and uneducated ministry. As before observed, there must be a sympathy of thought, as well as feeling between speaker and hearers, a similarity of tastes, a certain correspondence of character, in order to give the one a power over the other. The government of Heaven recognizes this truth; for there is in the divine arrangement an admirable adaptation of instrumentality to object—of men to labor. Thus while unpolished Peter is sent to preach to unlettered Jews, the learned and accomplished Paul is selected to carry the Gospel to the refined Athenians. The state of the Church and of the world now demanded a union of learning and piety, and this union God had granted them power to secure. The church had now the means of providing a ministry suited to their character; a ministry who while they retained all the primitive fervor and spiritual power, should possess mental endowments to meet the advanced state of society. And wisely and efficiently has the church turned her energies towards procuring such men. Of this the success of our colleges and seminaries, almost beyond our hopes, is ample demonstration.

Mr. Hurd had sufficient reach of mind and breadth of survey to perceive all this and shaped his course accordingly. But he was considerably

in advance of those around him, and they strenuously opposed his purposes. His friends thought he was incurring useless expense; the members of the church thought it was a criminal waste of time to spend so many years in preparing to do good when he might begin at once; and the preachers, commendably jealous of the spiritual character of the ministry, feared that in laboring to store the mind with knowledge, he would lose his spirituality. Against all these sincere, but groundless objections, this excellent young man stood almost alone, but stood immovably. Most sincerely do we rejoice that to the most serious of these his life furnishes a satisfactory reply.

As he early embraced these views so he perseveringly maintained them. Amid all the disadvantages and privations of even his missionary life, he never once swerved from his purposes. Like every other master mind he controlled events to suit his aims. We have seen him sending for his Latin grammar into the woods; and there among the Indians, he commenced learning the language of Virgil and Cicero. By the kindness of his friends, or out of his own scanty pittance, or from the book case of the missionary, he procured works on moral and mental philosophy, and rhetoric. By an acquaintance with the British classics, he had already begun to form his taste in polite

literature, and lay the foundation of his subsequent style of composition. But it was in theology that he most excelled. With the standard writers of our own church, particularly Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke and Watson, he was intimately acquainted. And certainly for the immediate, every day duties of the pulpit, he could not have made a better selection. No man who gets his mind full of the sentiments, and his heart imbued with the spirit of these writers, can fail of proving "an able minister of the New Testament." Yet he did not confine himself to them. He took a much wider range than they afford, and gathered up knowledge from every valuable author within his reach.

It is due to our excellent friend to say that among his other obstacles, and not the least of them either, was the scantiness of his pecuniary resources. His father, it is true, was in comfortable circumstances as a farmer; but a good deal of his property was so invested, that he could draw from it no revenue; and moreover, he had a large and growing family to provide for. Hence he could not render Aaron very extensive aid, without injuring others who had an equal claim upon him. While, therefore, his father furnished supplies only in part, he was thrown upon his own exertions for the remainder. This will explain two facts; first, that his course of education was occasionally interrupted by his

taking charge of a school: and secondly, that while at the academy or College, he assumed more labor than he could perform, in order as much as possible to expedite his career. This was a melancholy mistake. The task was too great for him. His feeble body could not sustain the burden his energetic and eager mind imposed upon it. He bore up under it, indeed for a season, and had strong hopes of coming off in triumph. But he sank at last into a premature grave; a sad lesson to those who in eager pursuit of any lawful and praiseworthy end, violate the laws of our physical nature. Truly may we say of him as was said of a kindred spirit by a noble bard,

> "'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
> And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low."

In this important period of Mr. Hurd's life, it will be satisfactory to find an exhibition of his views and feelings. Such an exhibition, very happily, the following letters are well calculated to afford. They will be found to breathe the spirit of a man and a christian; they show that the writer, while he justly appreciated the dignity of intellectual character was not disposed to cultivate it to the injury of his spiritual nature. While his mind thirsted for that knowledge, to be without which,

the wisest of men declared "is not good;" he was not less intent upon securing that knowledge of God and of his son Jesus Christ which is eternal life. He felt that man is an intellectual as well as a moral being, and therefore that the full development of the susceptibilities peculiar to both natures, is essential to the perfection of his being. And, indeed, how can we "glorify God," or answer the purposes of our existence, if we do not honor and improve to the utmost, that wonderful constitution with which our creator has endowed us? But we shall let Mr. Hurd speak for himself. The reader, we doubt not will be struck with the sudden elevation of his train of thinking, and the great improvement in his style: facts which prove conclusively how diligent he must have been in the use of whatever means of mental improvement he had been able to command.

The former of these letters was evidently written to some fellow laborer in the missionary work; but his name is not known.

Reach, April 2d, 1832.

Dear Brother—

Feeling myself deeply indebted to you for the friendship with which you favored me, while I took up my residence at your house, and made one of your family; I am very much gratified when I

have an opportunity of expressing a degree of that gratitude which I owe to you and yours, for the favors you conferred on me.

I have nothing of importance to communicate, so far as you are individually concerned; but write merely for the gratification it affords myself—self being the principal object in this selfish world.

And I feel the more gratified in thus addressing you, as I cannot promise myself the pleasure of seeing you or conversing with you very shortly. The time is not far distant when I fondly hope to realize what has long been the desire of my heart; viz., of going to a place where science sheds her golden ray, and where, by the assistance of Divine Providence, I hope to pluck those fair and blooming flowers which time itself shall not efface.

It being our duty to conduct ourselves as *rational;* and not only as rational but as *social;* and not only as social but as *immortal* beings; it becomes us to endeavor so to improve our talents as to qualify us to sustain that character. And without a proper improvement of our minds, and cultivation of the faculties with which we are endowed, we can scarcely sustain the character of rational beings; much less are we able to act as social or immortal ones. To use the words of the celebrated Locke, "we are only born to be, *if we please*, rational creatures; but it is use and exercise only that

makes us so; and we are so no farther than industry and application have carried us." In order, therefore, to sustain the character of rational, social and immortal beings, it is necessary that we endeavor to call into action, and cultivate those noble faculties which raise man to be the

> "Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
> Midway from nothing to the Deity."

It was this, and this only, that induced me to relinquish that pursuit in which I was engaged, and which, though often attended with many difficulties, afforded much solid comfort and satisfaction. For happier days than I then spent, I never expect to see on earth. And though I am not insensible of the trials attending the station that you are called to fill, yet were I fully qualified to fill that station, I should almost envy you. Such is my attachment to that people, that nothing short of a desire to qualify myself for a more extensive sphere of usefulness, could have induced me to discontinue my labors among them. And although circumstances hitherto, have been unfavorable to my intention, I still have a hope that all things may "work together for good." Not that I expect ever to make any considerable progress, or attain any degree of eminence in literature; but the contrary, must be

content to dwell on the side, or even stop at the foot of the hill of science, and shall be obliged to tug and toil against wind and tide, to advance even thus far. But I shall feel myself happy indeed, if, while others ascend the towering Andes, I may have the fortune to climb the scanty mole-hill.

It doubtless is our duty to aspire after every degree of perfection which it is possible to attain in this life, and to improve the talent which we have received, however small, to the best advantage within our power. And if we trifle away our time, and neglect to lay up a useful store of knowledge, and to cultivate piety and virtue, we are guilty of wasting our Lord's goods, and of burying our talent, and shall receive the reward due to our cirme.

It should be our principal object in all our conduct here, to glorify the author of our being, and to do all in our power to promote the welfare of our fellow-men."

Here the letter abruptly ends. The second to which we alluded was written to some christian friend, whose name is likewise unknown. It shows that when the time arrived at which he expected to go to school, he was unexpectedly detained. The cause of this, as well as his present views and prospects are sufficiently explained in the letter.

Reach, July 20, 1832.

Dear Brother,

While the sable curtains of night are drawn over this part of this earthly ball, and surrounding creation is slumbering in silence, I sit down to address a few lines to my much esteemed friend. I have repeatedly written to you, and have been as repeatedly neglected. Nevertheless I still regard you and yours as my benefactors, and my kindest friends, and I hope you still have regard enough for me to remember me in your prayers, and to feel a desire for my welfare.

You will probably wish to know what I am doing, what I have been doing, and what I am going to do. I answer at present I am doing but little to any effect. I labor some, read considerably, meditate a little, write less, talk too much, and learn too little. Through the spring and early part of summer I was very ill which prevented me from going to school, as I intended, and which with other circumstances made me almost conclude that sister E's prediction 'that I should never go to school any more,' was true. The prospect before me is not the most flattering with regard to my making much proficiency in science. In the first place, my expenses for doctor's bills are considerable, and consequently I ought to go to the *cheapest* as well as *best* school; but I have not been able to get correct in-

formation about any except Cazenovia, and therefore I know not whither to go. And again the Cholera prevailing in many parts, my friends are not willing that I should go away, and they advise me to wait till it shall have subsided. Such are my circumstances; and how it will turn I know not, only that all will "work together for good."

It has been hinted by the preachers that if I do not go to school, I shall be called to labor in the vineyard; but they think it best for me to go to school; and I am resolved, if it please God, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to accomplish that end. I am conscious that without a cultivation of the faculties of the mind, any individual (and more particularly myself) is qualified to do but little good. I do believe that ignorance is the seed and root, from which most vices have their being: and for an ignorant man to attempt to promote virtue and religion, and to destroy vice and wickedness, is like a cause endeavoring to destroy the effect which it necessarily produces."

We have already seen that Mr. Hurd was detained at home much longer than he expected. Yet this interval was by no means uselessly employed. In addition to the aid which he rendered his father on the farm, and the employments alluded to in the preceding letters, he spent a portion of his time in

holding religious meetings in the neighborhood. And so well was the Church satisfied with these labors, and with his piety, talents and usefulness, that they gave him license to preach the gospel. This document is dated Whitby, to which circuit he now belonged, June 30, 1832, and is signed E. Ryerson, P. E. It was given him soon after he completed his eighteenth year.

It has always been a principle of action in the Methodist Church, to license those to preach, who sincerely feel themselves "inwardly moved," as the Church of England well expresses it, "by the Holy Ghost to take on them this office and ministration," and give suitable eveidence thereof to the church, whatever their amount of education may be; justly considering that if they have talents for usefulness, even in a limited sphere, those talents should not be thrown away. And as before observed, with strong natural talents, and fervent zeal they may do good among a class of persons, who would not be affected by a more highly cultivated mind. Yet this should not prevent any one from using all the means of higher improvement within his reach, in order to fit himself for a wider sphere of christian enterprize. Such have always been the views of the Methodist Church, from the days of the Wesleys until now. Meanwhile as uneducated men are always more numerous and easier to

procure, than educated ones, there will be no danger of not having enough of that class to afford a sufficient variety of talent to meet the demands of the work. In accordance with these views Mr. Hurd resolved to prosecute his education.

CHAPTER VI.

Enters the St. Lawrence Academy—the Journey to Potsdam—Energy of Character—Returns Home—Letters.

At length the time so anxiously expected arrived, when he was to enter on his academical career. Having made suitable enquiry he determined to enter the St. Lawrence Seminary at Potsdam, New York. He left home about the 20th September, 1832, and proceeded to Coburg, intending there to take the steam boat. The wind was so high, and the lake so boisterous, that the boat dare not come in to the shore. Consequently the passengers were obliged to trust themselves in a small boat and row two or three miles to reach her. When they got on board they found but little

comfort. The sea ran very high, the passengers were frightened, the children cried, the ladies shrieked; meanwhile the heaving and tossing of the boat, loosened sundry barrels from their fastenings and sent them tumbling and rumbling about the deck in promiscuous confusion. Altogether it must have been quite a scene. Even the black firemen, generally so reckless and hardy, forgot to curse and to sing their favorite ditties, and looked on each other with that significant glance which, more than any thing else, makes the landsman's heart to quail. In such a state men feel how frail is the tenure of human life, and how small is the space which divides them from the eternal world!

The storm, however, abated and they arrived safely at Kingston about nine o'clock on Sunday morning. Here our young traveller indulges various reflections upon his lonely and unpleasant situation. While his friends at home were enjoying the endearments of the domestic hearth, or praising their Redeemer in the sanctuary, he was annoyed with the dashing and foaming of the waves, the creaking of the engine, and the profane language of the company. Yet even this uncomfortable season he endeavored to redeem from entire loss by reading and meditation. Young's Night Thoughts and the devotional parts of Thompson afforded him elegant and improving entertainment, and furnish-

ed subjects of profitable reflection. If all travellers were equally wise in selecting their travelling companions, how many precious moments would be saved, and how much seldomer should we have to mourn over the distraction of mind produced by journeys!

Arriving at Prescott he procured a drunken Frenchman and an Irishman to convey him over the river into the State of New York. Thence, before going to Potsdam, he went to see some friends in and about Norfolk. It seems he was not very favorably impressed with the first appearance of the land of freedom. "In travelling what little I have," he observes, "I have not seen much in the land to admire. Sometimes we pass over nothing but rocks and stones; the very fields seem paved with them. From this we pass to a sandy plain covered with small pine bushes, ground hemlock, and a few little shrubby oaks. Thence we arise to a more fertile growth of sturdy hemlocks, pine, &c. And the next we know, we are plunged into a long and gloomy swamp of balsams, tamaracks, hemlocks, &c. &c.!" Of course he only speaks of that part of the country through which he passed; and of this he only gives the general character, to which he admits some parts were exceptions.

Having reached his place of destination he entered himself a member of the Seminary. He com-

menced studying Greek, Latin, Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics, and devoted himself to his pursuits with singular assiduity and success. This is sufficiently attested by the position which he occupied as a scholar. He was considered, even then, far above mediocrity—a fact of itself sufficiently creditable, considering his very limited opportunities and recent entrance. He excelled also in elocution, that difficult part of scholastic duty, and particularly to one who has not had opportunity to acquire the easy and elegant manners of polished society. As a stimulus to improvement in that branch it was customary at Potsdam, as at other public schools, to hold periodical exhibitions. On such occasions, it was the practice to give prizes to the best speakers. Mr. Hurd was once a competitor and successfully. He received as his award, Croley's life of George IV., on a blank leaf of which is written "Awarded to A. H. Hurd by the Principal of St. Lawrence Academy, as second prize for speaking. Potsdam, Aug. 8th, 1833."

It is gratifying to the pious mind to know that, while our young friend was thus intent on his mental improvement, the spirit of piety never seemed to languish in his heart; and that all his affections retained their full vigor and freshness. Of these things his letters during this period are ample evidence. They contain a singular union of intense

devotion, ardent filial and fraternal attachment, blended with lofty aims and fixed purposes of improvement. Several of these letters are before me which might all be read with profit and pleasure. But as we fear making our volume too large, we shall only present a few extracts as a specimen of the whole.

Potsdam, Nov. 26, 1832.

My dear Father,

With no small degree of pleasure I received your letter of the 5th instant; and had I not been so crowded with my studies I should have answered it before now. I rejoice to hear that none are disposed to turn from the good way of holiness, and it gives me great satisfaction to know that unworthy as I am, and unfaithful as I was while with you, I am still remembered as a son, a brother and a friend, I assure you the remembrance of days and seasons spent in Reach, afford me now and then a degree of satisfaction and enjoyment known only to such as have felt and enjoyed the same. And where'er I may go, oft will I on fancy's airy wing, retrace the past and revisit those sacred chosen spots, where with my brethren and friends in Reach and Whitby, I have engaged in the holy exercises of prayer and praise: where with hearts glowing with the love of God, with eyes sparkling with joy,

and countenances that uttered all the soul, we forgot "all time and toil and pain," whilst we talked of Jesus and his love, and contemplated the joys of Heaven, and the glories of that better world. I feel grateful to God that I am still attached to his cause, and that I feel a hope which reaches beyond the grave. My health is good; my privileges are great and precious."

Again under date of June 17, 1833:

"My health thus far has been very good, for which together with all other blessings, I am truly grateful to a good Providence. I find no less pleasure in the pursuit of literary acquirements than formerly. And I sometimes become so entirely enraptured (absorbed) in the investigation of a mathematical problem that I forget where I am. And even home with all its sacred charms for a time, seems to vanish away like a shadow or a dream. But again the fond recollection of childhood's scenes, the fostering care of affectionate parents, and the endearing ties of early friendship, all rush into my mind, and I can but weep to think those days of early bliss have so quickly fled away.

And here I cannot but remark how fleeting and vain are all the pleasures of this fading world. If there be such a thing as earthly happiness, surely it must be found either in the pleasures of friendship

and social attachments; or in the pursuit of knowledge. And here on the one hand, we find that a vapor, a phantom which is no sooner beheld than it is gone; and on the other, it is like the "*ignis fatuus*" which dances before the imagination, and continues for ever to lead us on in hope, without ever bringing us to the fruition of the desired object. O, that we may all be sufficiently wise to lay up for ourselves treasures which shall not pass away, when time and earth and all their fascinating charms shall be no more!"

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"I am conscious that to be happy is to be active; and active in accomplishing some great and noble object; and from this consideration I am ready to conclude that we cannot attempt too much—cannot have "too many irons in the fire," unless, indeed, we let them burn, which we need not do."

It deserves to be particularly mentioned that even in their infancy young Hurd was a strenuous advocate of the Temperance Societies. It is well known that at first, this enterprise encountered no little opposition and reproach; and much of it from well disposed and serious people. Fears, jealousies, distrusts partly political, partly religious, but all equally groundless, were entertained by many;

and christians and infidels, from different views, banded in opposition to one of the most powerful engines of modern reformation. We think it greatly to the credit of our deceased friend that he was entirely unmoved by these things, and felt no sympathy with such prejudices. From the beginning he took part in this good cause, and retained his interest in it to the last. He frequently mentions it, even at this early period in his letters, urges it upon the consideration of his friends, and was ready to speak in its behalf whenever opportunity served. And at a subsequent period, while a student, namely, in the University, he made frequent excursions into the vicinity for the purpose of advocating these principles.

Nor was his attention limited to this enterprize. On the contrary he took a lively interest in every thing that tended to human welfare and happiness. In particular he took a deep interest in the Sunday School cause, and served while at Potsdam as superintendant of the school attached to the Methodist Church in that place.

Mr. Hurd's whole path through life appeared to lie on the verge of the grave. Several times he was brought near to death by sickness; we understand that his life was more than once in jeopardy among the Indians from violence; and twice while at Potsdam he narrowly escaped being drowned.

On one occasion he was bathing in company with several students, and getting beyond his depth, being an indifferent swimmer, he began to sink. A friend swam to his relief. But with the convulsive grasp of a drowning man he clung to him so tightly that both went to the bottom. He was rescued at length by his associates; but not until he was supposed to be dead; nor indeed was he resuscitated but with difficulty. On another occasion he was bathing with his friend and room-mate Mr. Caldwell. Getting farther into a rapid current than he was aware of, he was about being swept away by its violence. His friend saw his situation but remembering the previous occurrence, knew not what to do. Mr. Hurd's presence of mind was remarkable. He saw at a glance his friend's feelings and his own peril; and so far commanded himself as to assure him that he should be in no danger. The other then approached, and extended his hand, which the drowning man calmly grasped and was extricated.

It cannot be expected that the quiet routine of an academic life, should furnish much variety of incident. We have, therefore, but little more to say of his residence in Potsdam, than to mention some of the discouragements and difficulties he had to encounter. For his whole life was plentifully strewed with these. It was indeed a life of successive

conflict and triumph. Obstacles which would have appalled and broken less determined spirits, were met by him with a resolution that was invincible, and a faith that carried him aloft in spite of all depressing influences. To him, had he with the same mental capacity, possessed less moral force, and more worldly views, might have been applied those beautiful, but scarcely christian lines of Beattie's Minstrel,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime,
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war?
Check'd by the scoff of pride or envy's frown,
Or poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave unpitied and unknown."

Such were not the views, such were not the sentiments, nor such the end of the lamented Hurd. He thirsted not for "the honors that come from men." He panted to be useful, and labored for a brighter fame in fairer worlds than this. He felt, indeed, malignant influences; but he did not quail before them. Neither the "scoff of pride" nor "envy's frown" could "check" him, nor to him was "poverty," an "unconquerable bar." Even ill

health could not stop his progress. Faith and resolution made their way over mountains of difficulty; and all the floods of opposition could not quench the fire they kindled in the soul.

We find an illustration of these points of his character in the following incidents. While in the academy at Potsdam, his funds failed him, his clothes were worn out, and he had no resources at command. His health, heretofore, since his residence in this place, unusually good, failed also; and he became so much worse than ordinary, that he could hardly hope to live more than a few months. In this condition, with only a ninepence in his pocket, which he was afraid to spend lest he should need it more in future, and little before him but an early and an unknown grave, he spent several months in most assiduous application to his studies, and with a success unsurpassed perhaps in any part of his career.

The following letter serves still further to attest the observations just made. It was written to his excellent friend Mr. Caldwell, between whom and the deceased, though of different religious belief, there existed a friendship like to that of David and Jonathan. The letter will sufficiently explain the present situation of the writer. He had left Potsdam and returned to his father's intending thence to go to some other Academy in the states.

Whitby, December 5, 1833.

Dear Caldwell,

Through the merciful care of a gracious Providence, I reached home in safety, after I took my last adieu of my good chum in Canton; and had the pleasure once more of mingling in social intercourse with the companions of my childhood.

I made every preparation for my departure for the United States, but a wise providence had designed some other course for me. I even set out and went a day's journey on my way thither, and was then obliged to return home. The circumstances which led to this singular disappointment, I shall not here detail. Suffice it to say, that it was something beyond my control, and I cheerfully acquiesced, knowing that all "chance is direction which we cannot see."

When I found myself obliged to winter here, I had recourse to what I supposed the best plan I could adopt, viz. to take a school. Consequently I immediately took the degree of "Master," and entered on the duties of my station. It may be that some good end may be accomplished through this trying dispensation. I hope so at least; for I would not wish to be utterly useless in the world.

The prospects of religion here, are quite promising at present. A general awakening prevails among the people of the neighborhood; and a fer-

vent desire for a growth in grace, and an increase of uniform and consistent piety appears to pervade the church of the Redeemer. Oh Caldwell! of what consequence is our religion, unless it exhibit its fruits in a constant, fervent piety, and the daily conformation of our lives to the principles of the gospel? O my brother, may you and I constantly live near a throne of grace! May we drink deeply into the spirit of our divine master! Oh, let us above all things treasure up a saving knowledge—a spiritual knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus! Without this our other acquirements will be but "corpus sine animo."*

My eyes have been very weak; in fact, I have been some of the time almost blind; in consequence I have not studied as much as I should have done. I have read Virgil some; Cicero's Orations; his Somnium Scipionis; some in Sallust; the Greek, (Reader perhaps,) and some miscellaneous reading. I shall endeavor to study as much as my eyes will permit during the winter.

Life and health being spared, I expect to cross the Ontario in about four months from this. Though I dare not trust much to my future hopes, yet one thing is certain, nothing shall be wanting on my part to accomplish the course I had marked

* i. e. A body without a soul.

out when I left you. My views and feelings on this subject are unaltered, although I have quite a warfare to pass through. Opposition has risen up on every hand; arguments—some ludicrous enough —have been brought forward to divert me from my intention. Take one example—"perhaps if I should go away to college I should come within the influence of some—attraction! ! which might divert my mind altogether from my future designated course!!" i. e. that I might take such a fancy to the *gaudy* colors of a butterfly, that in my eager pursuit after the *pretty* object I might forget the higher and holier object of proclaiming the gospel of the Savior!! All I have wished at such times is that I was possessed of a small degree of that sarcastic wit which appeared on the stage at the exhibition in Potsdam.*

I often look back with mournful joy to the days —the halcyon days, we spent at the St. Lawrence Academy. My only sorrow is that they passed so soon away. But so it is with earth-born pleasures. How should this stimulate us to strive for something permanent—a treasure in the skies! Oh may the friendship there commenced, continue to ripen and mature while life shall last! Oh Caldwell! while memory endures, the kind and friendly offices

*Alluding to a performance of his friend, Mr. Caldwell.

conferred on me by your indulgent hand, shall not fail to call forth my warmest gratitude. You were a friend in my mirth—friend in misery too; my joy in grief, my second bliss in joy; and one—may it never be forgotten—whose hand snatched me from a watery grave! I hope the name of Presbyterian and Methodist may never be permitted to sever the bonds of christian love and charity, which now bind our hearts in one! Oh Caldwell! what a glorious field opens before us! How joyfully shall we go forth hand in hand to promote the welfare of mankind, and make known the unsearchable riches of Christ! And let me ask, should we be spared for the great work before us, where can we find a more suitable field than that of Africa? Or would the wandering natives of our western wilds present a prospect better calculated to call forth our sympathies and the efforts of the christian missionary? Will it ever be said of us "they are gone from the land of their fathers; they have taken their leave of civilized life; they have taken their last view of christianized, happy America, to spend their days for the good of the poor negro, and to lay their bodies on the distant shores of long injured and neglected Africa?" We must leave these things to the direction of a wise Providence. Whatever may be our sphere I hope we may aim at usefulness.

I do not approve of wasting paper; consequent-

ly I would fill up this blank space. I have lately read Herschell's treatise on Natural Philosophy. I am much delighted with the work. I shall shortly give it a second and more careful perusal, and I expect to acquire considerable information from it. I am sure, Caldwell, that I might have improved much more than I have, had I been more careful in noting the objects which pass under my observation. This I am inclined to think is what gives some men a genius so much superior to others. One man learns something from the fall of a leaf; and another, from inattention, would hardly learn any thing from the falling of the stars!"

We insert also the following as an evidence of the christian equanimity with which he met his disappointments. At the same time it will exhibit a lofty tone of pious principle on the one hand, and on the other a playful and affectionate vivacity truly delightful. It was written at his father's while he was staying for a short time previously to his going to Cazenovia, and is addressed to the Rev. Wm. Youngs, U. C.

Reach, April 30, 1834.

Dear Brother,

I have long delayed writing; but I hope you will pardon my negligence, because when I

intended to write I was very ill; and since I have so far recovered as to be handle a goose quill I have usually been employed in some affair which has diverted my attention from the subject. I intended when I saw you to be in the U. S. before now. But how vain are the purposes of man! Nothing on earth appears to be sure but disappointment. Our earthly hopes, however sanguine, resemble the "*ignis fatuus*;" they are ever just before us; and when we put forth our hand in fond anticipation of grasping the prize, behold! it vanishes and disappears. But do not imagine that I say this by way of complaint. By no means. Had I secured all the objects of my desire, and realized all my expectations, I should have been a miserably unhappy person by this time. The disconcerting of my schemes,and the blighting of my hopes, are circumstances for which I have cause to be grateful to the all-wise, and all powerful Controller of human events.

> "In all my ways his hand I own,
> His ruling providence I see."

And shall a living man complain? Shall a christian find fault and be afflicted, because he cannot see the end of all events, when he knows they are under the direction of his Redeemer who is too

wise to err, too good to do wrong, and too powerful to be baffled in his purposes? Perish the thought! While Heaven is filled with the songs of the redeemed, and angels rejoice over repenting sinners, let the christian's countenance never be covered o'er with sable melancholy. I say the christian, the favorite of Heaven for whose welfare all the attributes of Deity are employed, should ever wear a cheerful, serene and smiling countenance, though disappointment should succeed to disappointment as rapidly as one wave of the ocean follows another. There is one hope that is sure and steadfast, or may be so, and should be so; the hope of salvation from sin, of victory over the world, of redemption from the tomb, and of eternal life in yonder better country "where is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." With this hope as an anchor to the soul we'll brave the storms of life, and calmly endure the adverse fortune that may befal us here, fully assured that how dark soever the clouds may gather over our hands, and however loud the tempest may howl around, under the direction of our heavenly Pilot we shall outride the billows and be safely wafted into the peaceful haven of eternal rest.

"There we shall bathe our weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our peaceful breast."

I suppose you are quite weary of a digression from the subject you would naturally look for in a line of this kind. Well, to begin. The friends are in tolerably good health, and I believe generally blessed with contented minds. Mother* has been verging towards the frigid clime of "ague." But as yet she has escaped, and I devoutly wish so unwelcome a visitant may find no admittance here."

Then after a relation of family news in a pleasant, cheerful style, he resumes the serious.

"I expect to leave this within a fortnight if it please Providence. But as I have learned by experience not to be sanguine in my anticipations, I am not *altogether sure that I shall* leave here at all to go to the States. I am opposed by almost all my brethren in the ministry, and if their counsels shall prevail and I conclude to stop, I do not know what I shall do. I am fearful when I think of assuming the awfully responsible station of an itinerant minister; that neither my talents, judg-

* His father had married again.

ment, piety nor experience are such as to enable me to perform the duties which will devolve upon me; and that, instead of being in any degree useful, I shall only be a burthen to the church, a disgrace to the cause, and an injury to religion. Oh brother! This is a subject on which I feel most sensibly. Let me never, never take upon me the sacred office unless the Lord have called me to it. Let me live and die in obscurity, and my name perish in silence rather than set up myself as a watchman in Zion; lest while I proclaim a woe against the wicked I should proclaim a woe against my own soul. Moreover, I am yet a youth, and feel anxious (if I feel anxious for any thing) to go thro' a course of classical education. I have laid a good foundation in science, and, if Providence favor me, I think I shall now go on, and not think of going out into the work until I have spent three or four years in study. It appears to me that no man on earth requires so much talent, so much knowledge of men and things, a mind so well cultivated, an understanding so much improved and a judgment so correctly formed as the man who ministers in holy things. All this I know is but "corpus sine animo"—a body without a soul—unless attended with vital piety and godliness. I hope, my brother, you and I may be so directed by the counsels of divine wisdom, that we may in some measure be useful

here, and may finally shine as stars of some magnitude in the kingdom of the Redeemer."

CHAPTER VII.

Goes to Cazenovia—incidents—enters the Seminary—Oration—Mental depression.

His friend Mr. Caldwell had entered Amherst College and was very anxious that his former chum should join him there. To this arrangement Mr. Hurd, too, was strongly inclined. But the distance and expense, were great obstacles; and in addition to these considerations, as he preferred the Methodist Church from principle, he thought it best to maintain as close an intercourse as possible with that body. For these reasons he selected the Oneida Conference Seminary, located at Cazenovia, N. Y. intending, having qualified himself there, to enter the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut. His illness had already detained him longer at home than he intended. But having at length sufficiently recovered, he set off with the

scanty fund in his pocket which remained from the profits of his winter's school in Whitby. He went by way of Rochester, N. Y. in order to visit an uncle from whom he expected an addition to his finances. But when he arrived there, to use his own phrase, "I found that I had left home with my fingers in my mouth. No uncle L. was there!" He had removed to Albany. "My disappointment," he continues, "was great. Had not shame prevented, I do not know but I should have returned." However, summoning courage he resolved to persevere. He arrived at Syracuse on Sabbath morning, and went to church, though with a severe head ache. While there his illness increased; he began to perspire profusely, to tremble, and finally to become faint. Expecting to swoon, he left the church, and scarcely able to stand, went reeling through the streets to his hotel. He got quickly to bed, rolled himself in blankets, took hot drinks, in an hour or two broke out into a copious perspiration and was relieved. It seems to have been a slight attack of Cholera. But nothing daunted, as soon as he was able he pursued his way, and with a purse sadly out of order, but with an unbroken spirit he arrived at Cazenovia. Here he entered the Seminary, and set himself earnestly about his favorite employments.

A friend who was then a teacher in the Semina-

ry, but is now a professor in the Wesleyan University, has kindly favored us with some particulars relative to this period of Mr. Hurd's history.

Mr. Hurd arrived at Cazenovia a perfect stranger. He knew no one there, and his name had never been heard among them. From what has been already said, the reader will imagine that he was in no very favorable plight for exciting any peculiar interest. Naturally modest, distrustful of himself, with none of the symbols of wealth to fix the eye, nor the charms of elegance to attract attention, weakly, wan, and careworn, it was no wonder that he should be passed by unnoticed by the casual observer. In fact he excited no interest. When he applied for admission into his boarding house he came near being refused by the boarders on the ground that it was rather crowded. Altogether his reception was cold and cheerless. But they knew not what a soul was hid under that unpromising exterior, nor did they consider that earth's choicest gems are reluctant to expose themselves to human gaze. However, this is not the only time that unobtrusive worth has been confounded with meanness of spirit and inferiority of character.

But it soon began to be apparent that the Seminary had received a star that was destined to outshine his compeers. He immediately commenced recitations in the languages and geometry, and per-

formed the usual exercises in declamation and composition. Geometry he was soon obliged, on account of his health, to intermit; but not until he had convinced his teacher that he was a young man of no common powers. In the department of languages his reputation began to rise rapidly. He was spoken of as a brilliant scholar—as a young man of uncommon talents as well as piety. But in declamation and composition he speedily gained a standing unrivalled. It was customary for the older students, to read their pieces after evening prayers—two, namely, each evening—and also at the public exercises on Saturday forenoon. A few performances from Mr. Hurd were sufficient to establish his character and to induce his fellow-students to award to him the palm; so that whenever he was to come upon the stage, there was a general expectation of a "treat." Thus, mind, like water, may be obstructed for a season; but sooner or later it is sure to find its level.

But he was soon to become known in another capacity. Owing to the coldness of his reception, and his own modesty, joined to that high-minded consciousness of mental power which disdains to solicit favorable regards, it was not yet discovered that Mr. Hurd was a preacher. Some weeks after he had been at the Seminary, another of the students who was also licensed to preach, invited him

one Sabbath to accompany him to an appointment. Mr. Hurd consented and accordingly they set off. During the walk of about four miles, his companion asked the stranger "if he ever preached," and on receiving an answer that he "did sometimes," invited him to occupy the pulpit a part of the day. Ever ready to do good, Mr. H. accepted the invitation, though he had entertained no previous thought of such a thing. It so happened that several of the students of the Seminary were there. They were surprised to see the modest stranger in the pulpit; and expected but indifferent entertainment. How great, then, was their astonishment to hear him deliver a discourse that, for ability, would have done honor to a much older head, and an eloquence which the spirit of christianity can alone produce!

As an evidence of the estimation in which our departed friend was now held, we may mention, that when, in the month of July, the principal, Mr. Larrabee, was called away for some weeks on a visit to his friends, he appointed Mr. Hurd to hear several of the classes;—a duty which he performed with great satisfaction to all parties.

The term closed about the 25th of September as usual with an examination and exhibition. As Mr. H. was now both teacher and pupil his duties of course were very laborious. Yet his classmates were not willing that he should be excused from

taking his share, and even more than his share in the approaching exercises. They were very anxious to have an original colloquy, and Mr. Hurd was urged to undertake the authorship. He did so, and it drew from the audience great applause. The theme was Phrenology. His design was to turn the subject into ridicule, a design which the piece was well qualified to accomplish. For to the amount of broad caricature usual on such occasions, there was a considerable spice of true Attic wit and biting sarcasm. The scanty fragments of it however which have come into our hands, would not present the reader with a fair exhibition of its merits.

Besides the Colloquy, he wrote, according to previous appointment, and delivered an Oration. His theme was, "Genius the Fruit of Industry." As it affords a fair illustration of his mental character at this time, and is written with a good deal of force and eloquence, we think the reader will be gratified by an extract.

After observing that nature only furnishes the materials, but that art and industry must call them forth and give them direction and efficiency, he proceeds,

"But let us turn to those who stand confessed the world's superiors. Did their genius blaze forth spontaneously? Did they, Minerva like, spring

forth entire the illustrious offspring of Jupiter's cranium? Did some mysterious power place them on the heights of Parnassus, and wreath their brows with unfading laurel? Had they some magic skill which converted every thing into precious metal, enriched their own minds, and rendered them the pride of their country and the glory of the world? They had: and that skill was, well directed, never ceasing industry. They are all men of art. Many of them exhibited no peculiar talent in the morning of life; nay, many of them were stupidly dull. Demosthenes did not at once become the controller of Greece by his eloquence! The spark of genius which rendered Clarke the first scholar of his time, was not emitted until vexation and chagrin had aroused his Irish mind to a determination never to be surpassed. Perhaps no youth of modern times has excelled Henry Kirk White. Whence proceeded his admired genius? The winds that sigh around his untimely grave tell whence. Yes, the lamented and revered White fell a victim at the shrine of midnight application. I need not mention Summerfield, the eloquent pulpit orator,and the devoted servant of the Cross; nor Pollok who from the fount of life poured melody, and beauty poured and love in holy streams into the human heart. Their names, their lives, their premature death are written indelibly on your hearts. And while their memo-

ry endures let it never be forgotten that the path to glory is the path of diligence. There is no other. The man of genius must toil while others rest; must study while they sleep, must meditate while they dream."

The winter of 1834–5 was rendered remarkable in Cazenovia Seminary by a delightful religious influence. It was thought important, so general was the interest felt, to use unusual methods to foster the impression. For this purpose meetings for prayer and religious inquiry were held daily; and as the Principal and officers of the school were occupied with their duties, the charge of these meetings was committed to Mr. Hurd. Consequently he suspended his studies for several days and gave himself up entirely to the cause of the Savior. He was made remarkably useful; the meetings were conducted with great propriety, and his conduct was universally approved. His labors, however, were too great for his feeble constitution. His health was impaired; and when he returned to his studies, he was able to do little more than prepare his oration for the coming exhibition in April.

We have already noticed Mr. Hurd's modesty and self-distrust; his vividness of imagination and acuteness of sensibility. His moral emotions were not less strong, than his intellectual operations. Susceptible of powerful mental excitement, he was

capable of feeling as well as imparting a high degree of enjoyment. By an inalienable law of our nature such a temperament is liable to great reverses. As the ebb-tide succeeds the flood, and the calm a storm, so naturally a depression of feeling follows a high degree of exhiliration. The benevolence and wisdom of our Creator in such a provision need hardly be pointed out. As the bow always bent would lose its elasticity, so the mind in a state of constant tension would rapidly exhaust its own powers. In the stagnation which follows a season of high wrought emotion, the heart and mind are rallying their forces—are recruiting their energies for another effort. Moreover to most christians such moments of despondency are essential to accurate self-knowledge. We are all apt to notice in ourselves only what accords with our present tone of feeling. If the mind were always in a state of hilarity we should discern only our more pleasing qualities, and our faults and imperfections would escape detection; just as, in the sunlight, we overlook many little moats and specks, which are detected in the shade. Seasons of depression, therefore, tend to self-knowledge, and are often requisite to christian character. "Now if need be," said an Apostle, "ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations."

To these alternations of feeling our friend was

remarkably subject. During his residence at Cazenovia, he had charge of a religious class which he regularly attended once a week, besides always preaching somewhere in the neighborhood on the Sabbath. After the excitement of these occasions he would frequently come home deeply depressed and dissatisfied with himself. His spirits seemed entirely exhausted, and his mind prostrated. The reaction had taken place. In his depression he would often say "I wish they would appoint some other person class leader. I am not fit to lead a class. I am sure my remarks do more harm than good!" At other times after preaching he would say he "was almost resolved never to go into the pulpit again." And yet both in the one case and the other, his labors were highly appreciated, and he was made an instrument of good to many. Yet these seasons of depression were brief, and on passing away, left him in a calm and cheerful frame. They were no doubt owing in part to his physical constitution, always too frail an instrument for the purposes of its spiritual occupant.

From the meteoric rapidity with which our friend shot up into notice after he emerged from obscurity, it might have been supposed, that like the meteor, he would have been as prompt to disappear. Such, however, was far from being the case. His was rather the mild but beauteous splendor of the

morning star, which shines even in the gloom of night, and retains its lustre until swallowed up in the o'erwhelming brightness of the king of day. He rose rapidly indeed to the zenith in the orbit in which he moved; but sustained himself at the very culminating point until he was hid from mortal view in the purer regions of immortality. Both at Cazenovia and in College, he was regarded as a scholar of the first standing, and he effectually retained his ground to the very last. But of this we shall see more hereafter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters—to his father—his brother—and Mr. Caldwell.

We have gone on considerably in advance of Mr. Hurd's correspondence in order not to interrupt the continuity of the narrative and break the chain of thought pertaining to it. We shall now turn back to introduce some important and interesting letters. His correspondence is very ample, and all his letters during this period, involve so much that is interesting, that we find some difficulty in making

a selection. We insert such as are most unlike each other in order to exhibit his variety of thought, and omit such as are chiefly of a private or local nature. We trust the selections we make will prove acceptable to the reader.

The following is addressed to his father. The revival which he mentions is one that occurred in the school previously to that noticed above.

Cazenovia Seminary, July 3*d*, 1834.

Dear Father,

Yours of the 16th June has just come to hand. I was glad to hear from you. Glad? I was almost in a transport of joy; for I had been looking and waiting with no small degree of solicitude for some information from home. But notwithstanding my solicitude, I felt no *real anxiety*, for I was perfectly sure that it would come at the proper time. My health is very much improved. For I have not studied much and have exercised pretty freely. I have been engaged together with several brethren in the seminary in a revival of religion which is going on here. This I think has been an advantage to my health, as I have paid no attention whatever to study; and have generally endeavored to be prudent in the exercises in which we have been engaged. A glorious work has been accomplished; many of our fellow students have

been hopefully brought to the Savior. It is still going on. Every day witnesses the conversion of more or less. O, what a blessing this institution is to the world! How many come here to acquire knowledge, and gain that heavenly wisdom which alone is able to save their souls! How many flaming heralds of the cross are sent forth from this place, from year to year! I pray that the sacred flame may continue to spread, until the world shall be converted, and every knee shall bow to God, and every tongue speak forth his praise! If the members of the church were awake, the cause would prosper. But cold, lifeless members are worse than nobody. Even in this revival we have spent about half the time in praying for such. And it has had a good effect. But the fact is, we are none of us half awake, even with regard to the lawful avocations of life. I am sensible that I have been slumbering even when I thought I was most vigilant. I am resolved to make one effort to wake up, and not only so, but to keep awake; and then I am sure I can do as much in two days as I have usually done in three, even in my studies. O, that the Lord might arouse us all, that we may work while the day lasts! Time is on the wing; our days flee like a shadow; the grave is open before us; Eternity is at hand; Heaven invites us all; all cry out to us to be up and doing. And *can* we, *shall* we slumber

on till the night of death with all its terrors shall come upon us, and we fall into the grave?

On Monday I expect to commence my studies, and if health permit shall make a business of it, I have had some thoughts of going this summer to the Wesleyan University; but have about made up my mind to stay here, probably for a year, life and health permitting.

The students at present are making great preparations for the celebration of to-morrow. Oh! what a spirit of independence is manifested! How proud they feel of their liberties! How they glory in recounting the virtues of their fathers! But all this is no doubt calculated to do some good if properly regulated, and not carried to excess. I suppose some of them think it quite a favor that we poor Canadians are permitted to inhale the air untainted by the breath of tyrants. But they forget that the British soil is as emphatically free as their own, and in some respects more so.

I find the people here generous hearted and friendly; but I do not think I shall ever feel so much at home as I did at Potsdam. I do delight to live where I can feel myself at home. *Home* is so agreeable a place that any thing which resembles it, or which causes the same feelings in the mind, is at times inexpressibly pleasant. O, how often is my mind directed to that sacred social fire-

side! and how strongly do my inclinations urge me to return thither! But then again I remember that those halcyon moments have fled away, and it is useless to think of their return. The days of my childhood have passed; my juvenile comforts have fled; the early connexions which I formed, are, in a measure dissolved; my youthful companions are settled in life; a new race of inhabitants is fast filling up the forest through which I wandered with so much delight. Some of my kindest and most affectionate friends are no more; others are hastening to the silent tomb: and Oh! when I think on all the changes that have transpired, my heart melts within me. I feel every tender fibre of my soul to be moved. I feel indeed that I am a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth; for should I live a few years I shall be a stranger in my Father's own neighborhood. But I feel no melancholy forebodings. O no! I have the promise of God that his presence shall go with me, and he will give me rest. And more than this I have an unshaken confidence in my Redeemer that when my journey is finished below the sun, I shall receive a crown of life which fadeth not away—shall find a home eternal in the skies.

But I have a word to say to my little brothers and sisters. If you ever expect any pleasure in the things of this world, try to enjoy it now while you

surround the friendly hearth, and are blessed with a father's counsel and a mother's smile. Let perfect love and unity prevail among you. Strive by every means in your power to make each other happy. Let kindness always dwell in your hearts; let it be seen in your looks; let it be heard in the tones of your voice; let it be displayed in your actions. Then will you in future life look back upon those scenes with thrilling pleasure, perhaps when you are far separated from each other. But should you neglect this, you will not only embitter your joys now, but the thoughts of it in future life, will pierce your souls with pungent grief—perhaps when you are separated or when some of your number may be laid in the silent grave. O, then, be kind and affectionate! Love one another and you may enjoy a paradise below. Oh! how often I reflect on the happy moments I and my ever kind and affectionate brother spent together when we were little boys. We indeed bore each other's burdens; or rather he bore both mine and his. Now Prosper, and William, I hope you will do the same. I need not say this to Emma and Emmeline; for they surely cannot but love each other dearly. But further, I want they should remember not only to do whatever their parents bid them, but to do it *cheerfully.* Never let a murmur escape their lips. Never let them even *think* any thing a hardship

which they are required to do. Oh! what a pleasure it will afford them in after life to remember that they have always obeyed their parents. If they live thus they will be happy—happier *now* than the world can ever make them hereafter."

To his brother, Mr. Philander Hurd, he writes thus.

Cazenovia Seminary, Sept. 21, 1834.

My dear Brother,

I have time to write but a few lines although I feel disposed to write much. I have delayed writing until this time, because I have been driven every moment, and even now I am obliged to write without reflection whatever may be suggested upon a moment's relief from uproar and confusion. Yesterday our examination closed, and the students are so many of them leaving that I have scarcely any time but to bid farewell. Ah! what a transient and inconstant state is this! We form attachments but to cause our hearts to bleed at parting. But, my brother, the christian's hope reaches beyond the grave, and however poignant the anguish of parting yet the anticipation of that joyful meeting above, assuages his grief and affords a joy the world can never appreciate.

Our exhibition has been splendid. There were

between forty and fifty original pieces, some of which were certainly very grand. People need not tell me that there are no material advantages derived from attending such an institution of learning. I am more fully convinced of the importance of a good education to prepare a man for the ministry than I was when I came hither. And when they will shew me any young man who has not enjoyed the means of an education that will compose and deliver such a piece as some of the student's pieces were, then I shall be inclined to think with them that there is no special advantage in a classical education. But not only so, I am persuaded that I can do as much good, and perhaps more, in two or three years in a literary institution of this kind than if I were to go out into a wider field. I have great reason to be thankful to a good Providence which has blessed me with almost unusual good health during the past term; and although I have not accomplished all that I could desire, yet I have no reason to complain. I have earned two dolllars a week, and taken along three studies, besides writing composition once in two weeks, also writing my oration for the exhibition and a phrenological dialogue for the same. I am now in pretty good spirits, and feel quite encouraged to hope that in spite of all the predictions to the contrary I shall be able to go through my studies without injuring

my constitution. However this may be, I leave all things in the hands of a wise and well directing Providence."

From the tenor of our remarks, and the general style of Mr. Hurd's letters, we are apprehensive that the reader may deem his piety somewhat austere and gloomy. To correct such an impression we insert the following to his good friend Caldwell, then a member of the Sophomore class in Amherst College. It was written while on a visit to his relations in the neighborhood of his birthplace.

Hoosick, Sept'r. 27, 1834.

Dear Caldwell,

Judging from my own feelings, I expect a line from your Potsdam *chum* is always acceptable, although perchance there may not be quite so much of Hurd in it as of Caldwell in yours: for originality appears to be your peculiar talent; a talent, by the bye, rarely to be found in modern times.

Your last epistle excited in my mind peculiar emotions. At one moment while reading it, my risible muscles were so violently agitated that a bystander might have imagined them under the influence of a galvanic battery. At another, I could not but lament that your transition into the regions

of Sophomore should have placed you so completely beyond the power of gravity, as to derange and scatter all your rational conceptions! And I could not but exclaim, *Sic transit gloria isdorum!* But I hope, dear chum, that the eminence which at first turned your brain a little, may hereafter afford you a clearer atmosphere, a more extended prospect, and a climate more congenial to the development of your genius, than the regions of "sneaking and ducking" whence you have emerged.

But to return to the object of this scrawl. We had a splendid exhibition for two evenings and one afternoon: upwards of forty original pieces; some of them very good; and some of them, by the way, resembled, in some respects, the picture described by Horace in the beginning of his "*Ars Poeticæ*." On the whole I am told it exceeded any former one. I would gladly send you an order of the exercises, but I forgot to bring one with me. I may do it hereafter. Hurd's piece was an "Oration;" but you know that it is a favorite doctrine of the day that nothing is to be known from the name. The subject was Genius the Fruit of Industry. From this you will perceive that I have abandoned my former theory of innate genius."

The following will be found interesting on several accounts. It exhibits a buoyancy of mind that

nothing could sink; an energy of character, that no difficulties could subdue; and a piety at once earnest and cheerful. It may serve too, to correct an impression some persons like to entertain that an academic life is one of easy indolence, and enervating repose. If some of those good people who think the student a mere literary fop, sent to college only to learn the airs of a coxcomb, and acquire a fund of small talk to entertain some novel reading miss, had chanced to look in upon the domicile of our departed friend, he would have rubbed his eyes and stared around him to convince himself that it was not a dream. It is addressed to his parents and dated Cazenovia Seminary, January 17, 1835. He commences with his usual expressions of filial affection, and tender remembrances of home, and with great piety speaks of his purposes and efforts to be useful. He then proceeds,

"I am as usual deeply absorbed in study. I have six different branches on hand besides all my miscellaneous reading, writing, declamation, &c.; about as much as two persons ought to take; but I am something like the man that wanted all the land that joined him. Thus far the winter has passed away very pleasantly. My health is pretty good. I board myself, have a retired room,

a good chum, and live as happily as could be looked for in this world. We live very frugally. Our bread is made of flour unbolted; so although we have no pigs to feed yet nothing is wasted. We bake our Indian cakes and potatoes; and so although we are economical, we indulge in an agreeable variety; and like true philosophers of nature, with the other delicacies that spread our table, we take the unadulterated stream pure as it flowed in Eden's cooling shade. You perhaps may smile at our simplicity, but be assured we are learning many a lesson of practical economy; and what is more we are learning something of housewifery; a very important science in domestic life. He is but a poor scholar who learns nothing but his book. It is a well known maxim that a great scholar must be a general one; i. e. he must know how to make his own tent, cook his own dinner, &c. I have long since learned that these pretty looking, lady-fingered gentlemen who are frightened at the rattling of a frying pan, and would scarcely hazard an attack upon a roasted potatoe, are not the men to stand in the war of elements, and who are calculated to fight the great moral battles of the world. No! While we leave these hot-house men to consume the luxuries of life, and to wait upon the ladies, the only thing for which they seem to be qualified; we must look to another source for men who fear neither

storm nor tempest, but who by the mere force of their intellect seem to subject the mental and moral world to their sway."

Perhaps we ought to ask the intelligent reader's indulgence for the closing part of the above extract, which appears to savor rather of contraction of mind. But the whole is evidently no more than a little ebullition of pleasantry. Yet if it should be thought otherwise, it will be remembered that the writer had as yet comparatively little knowledge of the world; and it is not surprising if he did not know exactly what allowance to make for the influence of early habit and association. A very slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to demonstrate that from men's physical habits or conventional manners, no certain conclusion can be drawn as to their intellectual or moral worth. Plato and Aristotle, would, by many, have been called exquisites; Longinus was a splendid courtier; and the great lord Bacon, the father of modern philosophy, was a minute observer of all the little etiquette of polished life. Yet were they as talented and, in their way, as efficient men as Diogenes in his tub, Julian with his "populous beard," or even the "royal hog" of Sweden. The same is true also in the church. It is piquantly remarked by some one that while the homely Rogers clad in frieze

trudged the streets of London on foot with his Bible under his arm, the courtly Latimer rode in his coach and enforced scripture truth on the consciences of the king and his nobles arrayed in lawn and ermine. Yet both burnt at the stake and alike glorified the truth of christianity. They moved in different orbits, but came to the same end at last. The sectional prejudices of society, therefore, are idle, and withal mischievous. But they are spots and blemishes of the mind soon erased by a more extensive knowledge of mankind.

Mr. Hurd wrote a very long letter to his father under date of March 27th, 1835, just at the close of the winter term. We select from it the following passages which we commend especially to such as feel an interest in the young.

"How do the little people in Reach get on? Have they a good instructor? Are they making advancement in science and learning? Do they still retain somewhat of that ambitious spirit which Mr. C. infused into their minds? Are they endeavoring to excel each other in every thing that is amiable and excellent? Let them depend on it, much of their future progress depends on the improvement of the present time. I expect little prattling Emma is becoming more and more lovely every day; and I hope ere long she may be able to

pour forth the treasures of her mind in numbers sweet as Sappho sung; and that Emmeline will add to the sweetness of her disposition, and the loveliness of her person, all the charms of a well improved taste, and richly cultivated mind. And what shall I say of the "black-eyed" Cynthia; the meek, retiring Mary; the rosy-cheeked Jerusha, and that loquacious but amiable little "Yankee girl," all of whom were as beautiful as the blushing rose? I hope they are all striving to imitate every thing that is virtuous and excellent, and when I come I hope to find them all surpassing my fondest expectations. I have not time to mention all the little gentlemen of the place: such as James, who I hope will yet be the first lawyer in the province; or Aaron, who may if he will be Speaker of the house of Parliament; or Prosper, William, Daniel, John, Benjamin, &c. &c.; all of whom may shine in the pulpit, or at the bar, or in the medical profession. Yes, my young friend, Dr. Clarke, Franklin and Brougham were once inferior to any of you. Be resolute about it. Let nothing discourage you. If you wish to be farmers, be farmers; but dont bury the talent that Heaven has given you. Read the parliamentary debates; see who make the best speeches; then meet together, start a dispute among yourselves and *speechify* on it. Try again and again. Go out and talk to the woods and forests.

When you are engaged in work get some subject in your mind and think about it. Then attempt when you have leisure to write something on it. Try every means you can. Improve your minds. Improve your manners. Improve your voices. Now my young friends, if you take my advice, there is no mistake but you will make a stir in the world.

I have consumed too much time on this subject. Pray how does religion prosper there? I have not heard whether you are rent in sunder by divisions yet or not. I hope you are holding fast your profession, and striving to grow in grace, to glorify God, and to secure the salvation of your souls. O, may Heaven mercifully keep us all humble, holy, useful christians; and at last through mercy, may we meet in Heaven.

I have but a few words more to add at present. I am very much attached to this school and can speak highly in its favor. The Teachers are very excellent, and, as far as my humble abilities can judge, very competent men. The former Principal, a man justly loved and esteemed by all who know his worth, leaves the school now; but his place will be as well supplied as can well be. The person who succeeds is well known and highly esteemed here. I do not think if I may judge from what I have seen and heard that the school was

ever more flourishing or more worthy of patronage. Our late exhibition was of a character to do honor to any school. I have found many warm friends, the remembrance of whose kindness time can never efface from my heart."

CHAPTER IX.

Letters—to Mr. Allen—and to Rev. Charles Bragden.

Those who can appreciate the peculiar beauties of the epistolary style will require no apology for the insertion of the following. It is easy without incorrectness, familiar without coarseness, and evinces learning as well as talent without elaborateness. Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler might learn from it that there are things in which she might be corrected by an American sciolist, of greater importance to the real dignity of the human character, than the use of silver forks, finger glasses after dinner, for the absence of which she so reproaches a family whose hospitalities she saw fit to accept.

Reach, U. C. July 10, 1835.

Mr. A.

It was about 9 o'clock, a week ago last Monday evening, as you know, when I reluctantly egressed from the No 3, Ladies' department. Well, in about 20 minutes after, the horn sounded our departure from Cazenovia—that place dear to memory, the abode of every thing kind, generous, and virtuous. The scene that now took place I shall leave for your own imagination to describe. I have no inclination to attempt a description myself. There was a large number assembled to bid us farewell, and to *me* they never before had appeared so interesting. Every eye *seemed* to sparkle with friendship, every cheek to blush with the crimson of the rose, and a mingled smile and tear which was seen in every countenance bespoke the generous feelings which glowed in their youthful, aspiring, but sympathetic bosoms. I was much affected. Miss M. I presume was doubly so. She was to return no more. It was, to her, the *last* embrace. No more was she to view the visible soul, in the speaking countenance. And Friend Allen, this "black and white" way of doing business, is but a miserable substitute for the "*collocutio cum viva voce.*"—Soon we were wheeled off—and darkness forbade us to cast a wishful look behind. As all was silence in the coach I fell into a musing,

melancholy train of reflection which for a time absorbed my whole soul. But a dashing of rain, a fierce gale of wind, and the sudden *extinguishment* of the "coach lamps," again brought me back to real life, and made me sensible that I was no longer safe sheltered within the seminary walls. Then conversation commenced. Among other topics was that of religion. As one of the passengers happened to be a believer in the *non-responsibility* and *non-punishability* of man, he forthwith assumed a posture of hostility. This awakened my combativeness. A collision ensued. The gentleman's argument was of two kinds, *confirmative* and *refutative!* He laid down his propositions on the foundation-rock—"*I believe.*" And with this same short but invincible argument he entrenched it on all sides, and built around it a rampart impenetrable by all the subtlety of Aristotle. I then cast about for materials to erect a battery against this formidable breastwork; but when I had rallied, as far as I was able, Scripture, reason, logic, and common sense, and brought them all to the attack, still I found that his work stood *entire*—a unit that no skill could divide—a compacted argument that bid defiance to all the *categorical*, *analogical*, *synthetical*, *analytical* and *dialemical* arguments that were ever conceived. "*I believe*," was the foundation, "*I believe*" the *propugnaculum*, and *I be-*

lieve, parried off every thrust made at his system. Look at this argument. Why, I would almost defy your logical self to find a flaw in it. Analyze it. Why it is enough of its simple self to establish any principle beyond the possibility of refutation. Well—*this* was the "*confirmative*"—The "*refutative*" was "I *dont* believe," &c. and with this sweeping, annihilating principle he blew into non-existence, at a single breath, every argument *I* could advance. And I dont know but he would have served an Aristotle just so. But what could I do? I'll tell you, sir. I took up his own weapons. And when Greek meets Greek, then, you know, comes the tug of *war!* Whenever he fortified himself with "*I believe*," I hurled back at him—"*I dont* believe," and vice-versa. This puzzled the man and so unreasoned his reason, as to turn his *air-built* castles "*inverso ordine*"—and leave him shipwrecked at the mercy of his antagonist. The dispute had this good effect; it kept us awake and prevented us from breaking our necks over the rough roads; a very *unusual good* to arise from controversy. Next morning we took breakfast with a very polite company of gentlemen and ladies from New York. Then set out by stage for Buffalo. From Syracuse we found the roads most intolerable, and the country around cold, swampy, and uninviting, till we came to Auburn

where we arrived about one o'clock, P. M. Here we were detained several hours, although they had assured us at Syracuse that we would go directly on to Buffalo. Visited the Theological Seminary —a pleasantly situated Institution. Took a view of the State's Prison—a gloomy and revolting sight to a virtuous and independent mind. I could not but be reminded of the Inquisition, the Bastile, the Prison of Chillon and these dark dens of cruelty and oppression, as I looked at the frowning walls, the unfortunate beings within them, the gates of iron, and the huge keys that bolt and unbolt those doors. We saw Mr. Becker and Peck and enjoyed a pleasant time with them. We were also highly entertained with Mrs. Butler's work on Americans. Ah! What modesty! What purity of sentiment! What elegance of diction! What gratitude for favors! What chastity of taste! I wish I had time to give some extracts from memory. Such as these. "I waked very *grumpily!*" "I *dawdled* about all the morning!" "I *gulp'd!*" "I looked very nice!" "I appeared very beautiful!" Then follows a train of abusive epithets, accompanied, perchance, with a few small oaths that would make a Yankee stare, applied to the Americans who were so "stupid," and "brutish" as not to perceive her "nicety" and "beauty." She talks of "knocking men down" as if it were a fine accomplishment

for a young lady. Indeed, I can give no idea of the beauties of the work unless you have read it. Let me give one short extract more—a parody. "To bed—to sleep— To sleep? Perchance to be *bitten!* Aye! there's the *scratch!*" and so on. But get it and read it. Do. Little before sundown we set off from Auburn in a swift coach and were wheeled rapidly on through as lovely a country as I ever cast my eyes upon. A dark, rich, mellow looking soil; a smooth, level face of land; and the dense, sturdy forests which bordered the fertile fields, remind me of the western parts of *Upper Canada!* Don't smile at the mention of Canada. And don't call this remark a "disgrace to the national honor" of Americans.

As night came on, I began to feel the want of sleep. But Miss M. with a flow of spirits almost unusual with her "cheerful self," chased away the drowsy powers of weary nature, and kept us not only in *real* existence during the night but almost in a state of hilarity. However, just at day-break, at Canandaigua, while the coachmen were changing horses, even she, like the unfortunate Palinurus, fell asleep, and almost dashed her brains out on the landlord's carpet! Poor girl! I was frightened. I did not know but she had killed herself. Pray dont mention this for the world, out of No. 3. I have not had time to mention the events of that

day, Wednesday. The country through which we passed was generally delightful. Leroy is a beautiful village. Lima Seminary stands on a commanding eminence, and enjoys an extensive and interesting prospect. This day, in spite of all my efforts, in spite of all the novel and beautiful scenes with which I was surrounded, I would find my body leaning in an angle of about 45 deg. with the horizon. and my head just passing through the "descending node," when a violent jolting of the coach would suddenly bring me up to look about, and calculate my "right ascension." Whenever I fell into these moods, which was pretty often, I was dreaming of Cazenovia, and indeed I enjoyed many a pleasant hour *there* in a few minutes that day. Things went on very pleasantly only I had to quarrel with a *fellow* (I dont say *gentleman*) for smoking in the coach. What can be more disgusting than to see a piece of flesh in human shape, entering a coach and puffing his loathsome and narcotic fumes in the face of ladies and decent people! About five miles out of Buffalo, a man opened the door and was about to enter, whose breath told us that he was a faithful devotee of Bacchus. The passengers refused him admittance. He went on the box. The stage drove on. In about a mile, he tumbled off on to the hard road; and there he lay, *dead*—yes, *dead*—to all appearance. We got out; tried to

lift him up; after a few minutes, he began to struggle and gasp as if in expiring agonies. Of all the sights I ever saw, that was the most appalling. It is a fearful sight "to see the human soul take flight" In any mood—but oh! my soul shudders at the thought of leaping, mad with rum, into the awful abyss of Eternity! If there's a place on earth "where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched," it's the infernal distillery where the spiral worm oozes forth the liquid fire, day and night, which has consumed its millions of our species. We left the man there doubtless to die.

We arrived in Buffalo about 9 o'clock in the evening; had a good night's rest. Next day, Thursday, spent in Buffalo. Viewed all the principal places. Found Mr. Adams, an old student, there; found also an Indian, an old friend from Canada there. Buffalo is a pleasant and flourishing place. Next morning I took my leave of Miss M. rather reluctantly, for she is *good* company. She loaded me with compliments to Miss C. which I shall bring on in due time. I and the Indian, for I now had him for a companion, made our way across to Canada, down to the falls. It is certainly a sublime sight. I never was more sensible of the impossibility of giving correct conceptions of nature's works, by mere language, than now. I would attempt to tell you how they appeared to me if I had

room, but you see I have not. Well, here I left my cloak for the good of the public. I left my umbrella two days before. Sunday morning I was right in sight of Youngstown; heard the firing of guns and participated partially in the rejoicings of the day, although in John Bull's country. I could almost see the flag floating over the Seminary, and almost witness the responses and applause while P. uttered forth in a firm, manly tone of voice, and with sterling good sense, the principles of American Revolution, and made to pass before the mind all the wrongs, the struggles, the conflicts, and the triumphs of those perilous times; and almost see the tear starting in the eye, and the bosom swelling with unutterable emotion, while B. in his unaffected and graphic manner, with his melting tones of voice, portrayed in brilliant colors, with the most simple, artless, but at the same time, most finished and touching strains of eloquence, the progress and prosperity of American government and institutions, and the dangers by which they were now surrounded, and with which they were threatened to be overwhelmed.

I arrived at Toronto about 5 o'clock, P. M. Found Mr. R's family well. The girls had been out to the grove or forest celebrating the 4th, I believe. They are both genuine yankees. I had a happy visit. Spent the Sabbath here and Monday

too. They want to return to Cazenovia very much. Possibly they may. Tuesday evening arrived at home. All is well at home. My reception wherever I have been known, is such as to give me most pleasurable feelings. Some receive me with swelling bosoms, and streaming eyes; others with a friendly grasp, and cheerful smile; and indeed all seem to feel some pleasure in my return. But I feel, still, that, however warm friends I may have here, I can't expect to enjoy their society much more. I now think that my field of labor will be somewhere on the other side of the Lake, though perhaps not. But mark, they call me a yankee here. As I was surveying old Fort George, a red coat came to me, challenged me for a yankee. I did not dispute him. He invited me to the guard house and then demanded money because I was a foreigner. So I gave him all the change I had. He then took me to view General Brock's tomb, then dismissed me civilly. I have not told you half. I have but just touched on any thing. Excuse my brevity! I'll try and do better next time. Respects to all. So good evening.

A. H. HURD.

We close this period of Mr. Hurd's life with the following letter to the Rev. Charles P. Bragden, who had been a fellow student of Mr. Hurd's, but

was at this time a member of the Oneida Conference. It contains some important reflections which are worthy of consideration by all; but especially by such as have in view the sacred office of the christian ministry.

Dear Brother Bragden,

The particular time at which your letter came to hand, together with the pleasing intelligence which it contained, contributed not a little to augment the happiness, of which your epistles *are*, and ever will be a prolific source. The time was in all respects, such as you were praying they might be; times of wonderful displays of convicting, converting and sanctifying power. The work is not confined to the seminary, but has also spread in a measure to the village. Brother H. preaches to us frequently; and he is indeed a "son of thunder;" one who wields mightily the sword of the Spirit, and fearlessly aims the polished shafts of divine truth at the heart of the impenitent and unbelieving. Would that the Lord might send forth more such men to attack the strong holds of skepticism and infidelity, and to pour forth the terrors of God's law, and the fearful denunciations of his anger against the profligate and hardened offender! It appears to me, brother, that too many of our preachers soften down the truth of God's word; or

at least that they do not bring that truth *home* to the consciences of their hearers as they ought. Am I right? Ought not every hearer to be made to feel that the preacher has a message from God to *him?* I hope, my dear brother, that a desire for popular favor may never induce *us* to shrink from declaring the whole truth, in a *plain, pointed,* but *affectionate* manner! The Lord is working all around us. Some of the most glorious revivals have lately taken place about here, that have happened for a long time, especially at Ithaca. All the churches were visited there, and nearly every house and family received some drops of the abundant shower. Oh! may the work go on in every branch of the church and in every section of the land, till the scoffer shall be put to silence; till infidelity shall tremble and impiety shall be ashamed and iniquity shall cease, and the pure religion of Christ shall reign in every heart. I hope sectarian prejudices may cease; and for one I am resolved to guard against it, and by whomsoever the Lord may convert souls, I say, *Amen*

You desired my opinion with regard the subject of an educated ministry. My opinion, brother, is a very humble one, but such as it is I am ready to give it. I have consulted the article to which you related; and I think I should perfectly agree with the sentiments there advanced. It appears truly as-

tonishing to me that any person after mature deliberation, can feel opposed to the education of those who are going out as the champions of the truth as it is in Jesus. If the herald of the cross were *now*, divinely inspired to proclaim the infallible counsel of Jehovah, it would be a different thing. In that case there would be no necessity of the scriptures. But is any man, without a well disciplined, and richly cultivated mind, without a good education, prepared to examine and understand that most ancient and most sacred volume, which he is daily to expound and from which he is to instruct the people in the important truths that concern their future and eternal welfare? Can he without an education defend our holy religion from the attacks of the ingenious and sophistical infidel? Can he detect and expose the errors and impostures of Popery? Can he guard our pure doctrines from the heresies that are coming in like a flood upon all the churches? No, my dear brother, it appears to me that they who are opposed to the education of the young ministers of Christ, have not considered the importance and responsibility of that sacred office. It seems to me they have but superficial views of the nature and design of the gospel, the sublimity and purity of its doctrines; and the solemn importance attached to the preserving of these doctrines free from heresies and errors. They do not seem

to have considered the peculiar situation; the moral and religious condition of our country: for certainly there never was a time when more vigorous efforts and more efficient means were called for in the support of truth and in opposing error than at the present period. They seem to have forgotten that even the Apostle Paul was a man of profound learning, and that still with all his learning and talents and inspiration, he could cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But was not the founder of Methodism well educated and did he not at all times recommend to the preachers to be studious; and to "*study* to show themselves approved, workmen who need not be ashamed; rightly dividing the word of truth? Does not Methodism owe *much*, yea, under God, almost every thing, to the talents of such men as Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clark, Watson, and others of like character? Nay, how much do we owe to Dr. Fisk? I hope, dear brother, you will never cease to advocate this cause, to recommend it both by precept and example, and to urge its importance upon the brethren of our church. I am glad that they have awoke to this subject in a measure, and I hope that they will be equally zealous and persevering in the promotion of this laudable object as they have been in other respects. But let me say, I hope we shall never see the day when a knowledge of the classics shall

be thought an essential qualification for admission into holy orders, in our church. No. Let us never make learning an idol; but let us encourage and patronize it as far as we can, by lawful and proper means. However, I hope that the spirit of jealousy which exists on this subject may be productive of good. It will guard a spirit of active piety, and it will show young men of education the importance of being humble, watchful, devoted, simple in their manners and language, pathetic and familiar in their address, and consequently will serve to combine piety with learning. And it must be confessed that learning without piety is but a "corpus sine animo." I hope we never shall have less piety or zeal on account of education. Nay, I have hopes that when most of our preachers become educated men we may have more sermons like those of Mr. Wesley; sermons that will alarm the careless, comfort the mourner, quicken the backslider, and strengthen believers to go on to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

CHAPTER X.

Goes to Middletown—Incidents by the way—the situation described—letters—examination—Commencement.

The period which we are now approaching in Mr. Hurd's life, we think will be considered the most interesting and important. It is the time when he left his academic, to enter upon his collegiate course; when consequently he was thrown into a somewhat higher sphere and wider field of action; and when his powers were attaining their fullest development. Moreover it was the last earthly change of his situation. Little did we suppose, when he came among us, that his bones were to be laid here, and, that his pure spirit was to ascend from the Wesleyan University to the college of the glorified in Heaven!

The preceding letter to Professor Allen was written while on a visit to his father's at Reach. Soon after writing it he left home with Middletown for his destination, but he made sundry deviations from the direct route to visit his relations and finally took Cazenovia in his way. He seems to have had a rather uncomfortable journey. In a letter to his father he says,

"I should have been rather cold during my

night's ride, if it had not been for the heat which was evolved by the friction and pounding of my bare bones, against the sides of that miserable old lumber waggon. About 3 o'clock we arrived at Gates, and as the driver was afraid to drive into town, lest the Irishmen should *ambush* him, I went to bed cold as a potatoe, where I managed to shiver it out till day light."

In the course of this journey he met on board a canal boat with Kneeland's Lecture against christianity, which he spent part of an evening in examining. He observes, (Kneeland,) is either an egregiously ignorant man, or he was a vile knave. I suspect the latter. A school boy might refute his arguments, and indeed, convict him of palpable falsehoods. If infidelity wants such advocates, she is welcome to them." The result of that unhappy person's career tends to justify the young scholar's opinion.

On arriving at Cazenovia, he was much rejoiced to find that the seminary was enjoying another delightful season of religious influence; and what added to his felicity was, that some of his intimate friends had given themselves to Christ. One he mentions as "a lovely young man" Mr. P. who had "abandoned skepticism and embraced religion." What blessings are such seasons in our colleges and academies! And how much do they promise for the church and the world!

The following extract from a letter to the Rev. Charles P. Bragden, will serve still further to illustrate his views and feelings at this period of his life. It was written from Cazenovia during this brief visit.

"I have not written in some time for various reasons; not that I have forgotten you: by no means. But I have been perpetually harrassed and employed during this summer; have also been to Canada on a visit, and consequently have not found a leisure moment to drop you a line. Pardon me, brother. I was happy to hear from you by way of brother Knox. I am glad to hear that the Lord continues to own and bless your labors. I expect Brother, that you live *holiness*, and preach it to the people. Well, I am convinced that this is the only way to be permanently useful in the church. It is the only way in which Methodism can live and flourish. Take away vital piety; i. e. deep, rational, consistent godliness, and the Methodist Church—nay, any church, is but a "corpus sine animo;" it is but the tomb of lifeless, christless, carnal souls. Oh! my God preserve our Zion! Preserve us from idle, metaphysical speculation; from becoming a whited sepulchre, to conceal the impurity within—Oh! my brother is there not a loud call for christians to come up to the standard

of the gospel? Should they not be "free from sin?" Should they not set God perpetually before their eyes? I do not mean to ask if they should not be gloomy, melancholy beings. No. I believe the christian should always be cheerful, always social, always agreeable. Not trifling—no. But is there not as much danger of our imitating the world in being sullen and morose, as there is in being too light and buoyant in our feelings? I think so. I think that "whatsoever is *pure*, whatsoever is *lovely*, whatsoever is of good report," ought to be found in the christian. He should be inviting, not repulsive. There is at present quite a moving of God's spirit among us. Last evening six or seven were forward to the altar of mercy; some have found peace, others are still seeking the Lord. Among the converts we are happy to number S. P.—S. P.! Yes, that amiable young man that cautious philosophising gentleman; that irreproachable moralist, has given up his skepticism, abandoned his false hopes, embraced Christ, and consecrated himself, soul and body to his Redeemer. Praise the Lord, Oh my soul! Brother, this proves religion to be reasonable. Away then with the idea that reason must be laid aside in order to become pious! No. Let a man but investigate calmly, candidly, and in the fear of God, and he can hardly help being a christian, Is not this so? Do you not find it a most difficult matter to bring people to

think on the subject? Does not the religion of the Bible commend itself to every man's conscience and judgment, who examines it carefully, and sifts it to the bottom? Oh! then, my brother, let us study to become "workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing this word of truth! Let us study the word of God faithfully, philosophically, critically, prayerfully, and with a solemn reference to that weighty responsibility that is resting upon us. Let us, when we stand up before dying men, endeavor to have the store house of our minds so crowded with the rich treasures of that blessed Book, and *all* those treasures so orderly arranged, that we may be able to draw forth at our pleasure whatever is most inviting, most persuasive and most commanding. Above all things, let us go to our charge in the fulness of the gospel of peace, with our own souls flaming with celestial fire, our own hearts enjoying the fulness of that salvation which we go to proclaim. But, my dear brother, I did not intend preaching to you when I began—so I will go on. I heard brother H. preach yesterday from Ps. lvii. 7. It was a most powerful time, Oh! what a man he is! He indeed hurls the spiritual thunderbolts of the Almighty! Infidelity trembles whenever brother H. stands up in the pulpit. Would to God that hundreds of such bold,

unflinching, holy, spirit rousing men might be raised up in the church!"

He spent a few days in Cazenovia very pleasantly among his old friends. Then finding an agreeable company formed who were just starting for Middletown, Connecticut, he joined them and bade Cazenovia farewell. They reached Albany, where our young friend, urged by his ever eager and inquisitive mind, set out to see whatever was worth seeing, and learn whatever could could be learnt in the place. He visited the City Hall, the Capitol, Museum, &c. From Albany they went to Schenectady, where having less knowledge or amusement to gain from outward things, he drew more amply on his own materials of thought. "I amused myself," he says to his friend, Professor Allen, "in various ways, such as reflecting on the power of steam, the inventive faculties of man, the march of improvement, and the prospects which seem to present themselves of the final triumph of knowledge, the universal spread of civilization, and the downfall of barbarism and error, before the light of christianity and the practical exhibitions of truth." "These reflections," he continues, "are naturally suggested by an observation of the facilities for imparting knowledge, and the general spirit of activity and enterprize, and energy which is abroad in the world. But I know

that some good, though timid minds, look upon the present moral contest with terror and dismay. But I cannot. Whoever knew truth put to the worst in a fair and open encounter? I believe all events are in the hands of Him who will make even 'the wrath of man to praise him.' Though the contest may be fierce, in my opinion it canuot be doubtful. Truth will triumph. Light must prevail. The world must, nay, shall be regenerated, and pure liberty sway her mild sceptre over our entire species."

Thus did this truly excellent young man pursue his reflections during his journey. And thus will a superior mind find or make opportunities of instructive thought every where.

At length they reached New York. It was our friend's first visit to the commercial metropolis of our country, the first large city he had ever visited. All was, therefore, new to him and fraught with wonder. His observations on it are in his own peculiar style. "But Oh! what a scene of confusion," he says in a letter to his father "did we find there! After we landed we hired a coach and tried to find our way to a tavern. But alas! the town was full, up to the brim; and there was just our company too many! We could find no place for the sole of our foot. Well, after riding

round to some six or seven or a dozen public houses, we came to Congress Hall, and by means of crowding some out, turning some edgeways, and packing some of these "big folks" a little closer, (for, by the bye, they are not very solid,) we made out to slip in corner ways for a few hours."

These few hours he employed with his friend Knox, in visiting and seeing all he could of the city; such as, the City Hall, the Museum, the Methodist Book Room, and other places of interest. "But I must say," he adds on leaving it, "that take it as a whole, I think New York presents no very inviting spectacle. It is one vast bedlam! And, from some of the streets, I should take it to be a cholera manufactory!"

They proceeded on their way to Middletown, and reached their place of destination in safety, on Saturday the third week after he left home. We shall let him state in his own language his impressions as to this place. In a letter to his father from which some of the preceding extracts are taken, he says :—

"The College is located on something of an eminence, from which there is a very interesting view of the surrounding country. The town, which is not large, lies just east of it on the banks of the river, and like all New England towns is inter-

spersed with forest trees, which gives it a peculiarly romantic appearance. The Connecticut river rolls its waters along in full view for some distance, from which a dense, white fog rising in the morning and rolling up in thick volumes to heaven, while the rays of the sun clothe it in all the tints of the rainbow, present a sight at once beautiful and sublime. Oh! it is a delightful place. The weather how fair! The sky how tranquil! And then those blue hills, Oh! they breathe a spirit of inspiration to the poet. I never in my life saw such a succession of stormless, cloudless weather, as since I have been at Middletown. My health is good; my spirits buoyant; but as usual, my purse is empty. Never heed that. I am rich in having a contented mind, a kind and bountiful Providence, and good friends."

On the Monday after Mr. Hurd's arrival at this place, our examination of candidates for admission into the University commenced. It appears that he had no high opinion of his own position on that occasion. It should be remembered, however, that he entered far in advance, namely, in the Junior Class, and that his preparation for this standing, had been made with great rapidity. After all he seems to have interpreted the result by his own feelings, and these were some degrees lower than the merits of the case required. On Wednesday,

was Commencement, after which examinations were resumed and continued to the close of the week.

The following is Mr. Hurd's account of these and some other matters, to Professor Allen:—

"Monday examination commenced; went thro' Virgil and English Grammar. Next day took up Greek and Mathematics, and thus went on drilling and quizzing and screwing till the close of the week, with the exception of Wednesday which was Commencement. To spare your feelings I shall say nothing of my examination. The fact is, it was too bad to be told. Suffice it to say they admitted me on the recommendation from others. The rest of the Cazenovians passed well, were highly commended; and I believe, entered college with a consciousness of having already made a favorable impression on the minds of the Professors. Commencement was very good. The orations were well written, not so well delivered. T. produced the greatest effect. L. pleased me the best. Their characters are entirely opposite. T. has greater energy; L. more strength. T's fire is more sparkling; L's more uniform and lasting. The action of T's mind was like the sudden blast of the hurricane or the vivid flashes of the lightning. L's like the strong current of the tempest, or the slow but sure workings of volcanic fire. T. shat-

tered and rent the towering cliff. L. overturned the mountain from its base. T's movements were vehement. L's like that of a giant conscious of his strength, whose single arm could prostrate a host. All did well, though I cannot say they exhibited much oratory.

Last Sabbath heard Professor H. preach twice. * * * * In the evening the Doctor preached his farewell sermon to a crowded house. His manner is chaste, his language elegant, his ideas lucid, and in some parts of his discourse he was eloquent. He seems one of the best of men. He gave the students a farewell address in the chapel on Wedneesday evening of this week. It was quite affecting. His solicitude for the welfare of the students seemed, if possible, more than paterna. Thursday we accompanied him to the boat, gave him the parting hand, and saw him take his departure for Europe."

We have now seen Mr. Hurd enter college. He was admitted into regular standing in the Junior class, and, without loss of time commenced his studies. The reader may, perhaps, wish to know what were his impressions as to his present situation, and how far his expectations were realized in the institution. We prefer that this exhibition should be given in his own language, and for this

purpose again present sundry extracts from letters to his friends.

Writing to Mr. Caldwell, under date of October 10th, 1835, after speaking of his strong inclination to have joined his friend at Amherst, he says,

"Do not understand from this that I am dissatisfied with the College. No. I am disappointed; happily so. Our Professors are, if not great men, industrious, laborious men. No labor is spared in the discharge of their duties. I think them superior men in the recitation room. They are affable and * * * * *

I have no doubt that my privileges here, with very few exceptions, will be as good as at any other College. They are very critical in their recitations. Dr. Fisk has gone to Europe. This we regret much, but Professor Smith who is acting President, is a most amiable, lovely man. The literary societies, though in infancy, are worthy of a College of long standing. Emulation is seen in all their movements. The society rooms are furnished and decorated in a neat and elegant manner. Their libraries, though not large, are choice and valuable. There is a Missionary Lyceum connected with the College, in which there is a great deal of truly christian feeling existing. They seem to feel an interest in the welfare of the heathen world, and are fostering here in College something of that

sacred flame which is to burst forth in after life, in some dark clime to light the savage nations home to God! Oh! what a noble cause! How cheering the thought that in darkness light is yet to shine forth, and that out of disorder and confusion and heathenish gloom, shall yet arise the church of Christ,spotless and pure and glorious! Oh! who would not be an instrument in bringing about this great work! Would that the missionary spirit might encircle all our literary institutions, and that these seats of science, might become the beacon lights to guide our nation to the heavenly land of peace and salvation! May a heavenly light ever beam from these watchtowers of a nation's glory!" To which we trust our reader will heartily respond, Amen!

In a letter to his father under date of Sept. 27, 1835, he observes,

"I think here is a chance of improving if any where. Discipline is strict. Every duty must be performed punctually, and each member is awarded according to his merits. I go out and labor some. Yesterday I spoke to a Baptist Congregation. I had a very good time. * * I have the best of room mates except Caldwell. It is bro-brother K—x. I shall probably go out and teach this winter. I would gladly not do it, but it may

be for the best. I wish I could have the pleasure of teaching your school. But how fruitless are wishes!"

On entering college, it appears to have been his intention to have kept a journal of his private thoughts and feelings; but he abandoned it after making two insertions. The subjoined passage affords a pleasing evidence of his pious, humble, grateful state of mind at this period.

Middletown, Wesleyan University.
Sept. 6, 1835.

Two weeks since, I arrived here. The intervening time has been a period of thrilling interest. I have commenced an acquaintance with Mr. Charles Collins, from whose society I anticipate much pleasure and profit. Heard Prof. H. preach three times. * * * * Heard Doct. Fisk. He seems a lucid, cogent reasoner; a chaste, elegant speaker: a deep and comprehensive thinker; a devout and humble christian; and an affable, interesting man. I have now entered College, two years advanced in my collegiate course. With this thought are associated many recollections of liveliest interest. Through what has the Lord brought me. From what perplexities and dangers has he rescued me! From the gates of Death *He* has raised me up. From a wild and heedless boy He

called me to become a child of his. A youth, I have been honored with a place among the Missionaries of the gospel; and praised be *His* name! my feeble labors have been rendered successful in different places. Through His mercy, and the kindness of friends I have been enabled thus far to prosecute my design of acquiring a classic education, in spite of opposition, in spite of pecuniary embarrassment, in spite of ill health and a feeble constitution! But, what now? I am almost penniless. I might justly indulge gloomy forebodings of the future; but I seem to hear the voice of Providence saying:

> "Who fed thee last will feed thee still:
> Be calm and sink into his will."

I am in a strange land. I look back to my father's house 500 miles distant, as the place of my earliest and fondest recollections, the place where first I found a Savior's love, the place endeared by the pleasures of the domestic circle, the place to which, beyond all others, my thoughts shall ever tend, as the centre of my earthly bliss, the home of my childhood, and the scene of my sportive and festive days. I look back to Potsdam as the place where I commenced my classic studies, when, a stranger, I received kindnesses never to be forgot-

ten; formed attachments never to be severed; a place, for ever sacred, from the memory of my class-mate and room-mate; a young man of the most amiable qualities; a friend the most ardent and faithful; a companion the most affable and courteous; a wit the most brilliant and fascinating; and a christian the most sincere and devout. Endeared to me by every tie, he shall live in my affections, and be embalmed in my memory 'while life, or thought, or being lasts.' I look back to Cazenovia as a place whither thought will ever love to fly, and where imagination will ever love to dwell, a place of great spiritual blessings, a place of genial hearts and friendly souls; a place where friends were found, whose memory can never die away, among whom I am proud to rank Prof. W. H. Allen and his kindest sister, Mr. Stewart Perry, and Loren L. Knox. Oh! indeed I might name a score—nay, twice that number. Praise the Lord, Oh! my soul!

CHAPTER XI.

Standing in College—Mental character—Modes of improvement—Religious duties—letter to Mr. Allen.

On Mr. Hurd's entrance into the Wesleyan University he immediately assumed his place in his respective classes and took a high rank as a scholar. It was, it is true, a disadvantage to him that he had commenced his classical course somewhat late, and had hurried over his ground too rapidly. Nevertheless such was the power of his intellect and his indefatigable industry, that he sustained a position considerably above mediocrity in all his studies, and in most of them he stood maximum.

The following certificate from Mr. Allen, who had charge of the department of languages at Cazenovia Seminary will shew what had been his studies up to this date.

Oneida Conference Seminary.

Mr. Aaron H. Hurd has been a student in this institution for more than a year past, and has studied the following books, viz.: Sallust, Horace (Odes, Sat. and Ars. Po.) Livy (2 B.) Ovid (12 B.) Tacitus (Man. Ger. and Vit. Ag.) Cicero De

Oratore; Greek Testament, Greek Reader, Græca Majora, 1st Vol. (Herod. Thucyd. Cyrop. Arab. Lysias, Dem. Isoc. Mem. Plato,) 2d Vol. (Homer,) Hebrew Chrestomathy (28 Paragraphs.) Traducteur Française; Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry and Topography."

During the first year of his residence at the University we had charge only of his weekly exercises including composition and declamation. Of course of these only, are we able to speak from personal knowledge.

Of his composition we have already furnished various specimens from which an estimate of his ability may be formed. He united originality and vigor of thought; vividness of imagination; richness of language, and copiousness of illustration. He possessed in short all the essential elements of a graphic and elegant writer. His oration on Genius the Fruit of Industry sufficiently confirms what we say.

Yet it must be acknowledged that his style was not entirely free from those defects which belong to youth and inexperience. He was rather too fond of epithets, and thereby sometimes overloaded, and weakened his sentences by a superfluity of language. He frequently, too, in his letters, committed a violation of correct taste, in using scriptural

terms for other than religious uses—a fault which all elegant writers and speakers, we believe, have condemned ever since the days of Dr. Johnson;—a fault of which the distinguished biographer of Dr. Good tells us he was sometimes guilty, before he embraced evangelical views of christianity, but never afterwards.* Although in Mr. Hurd this was not a deviation from correct moral feeling, yet the author felt himself at liberty to omit such passages; for he did not wish this little work to countenance a practice which, with the careless and unthinking must tend to bring consecrated phrases into disrespect, by their familiar application to secular or ordinary subjects.

* The passage alluded to is, "The chief violation of good taste which I have noticed, consists in the employment of scriptural phrases to illustrate other than theological subjects. They are never employed irreverently or in badinage, but in application to some intellectual inquiry. They were introduced, I conjecture, in the author's original composition of these Lectures, and escaped his notice at the time of final revision for publication; a time when he had learned most scrupulously to abstain from every thing calculated to diminish the reverence due to Scrip ture."

Memoirs of Dr. J. M. Good, by Dr. Olynthus Gregory. Boston, 1829, p. 168.

A passage to the same purport might be quoted from the elegant biographer of Miss H More, who earnestly "protests against all meddling with Scripture, unless for 'instruction in righteousness,' or purposes of holy illustration."

See vol. 2d, p. 447.

But after all who does not wonder that the subject of our remarks made the progress he did, rather than blame him for not making greater? Where shall we find another young man so unfavorably circumstanced who made equal advancement in the same space of time, and who meanwhile maintained so sweet a tone of humble and devoted piety? So completely was religion his daily business, and so conscientiously were his studies a part of his religion, that he lived a christian as though religion was his only pursuit; and improved in his studies as though he paid them his exclusive attention. Thus the one did not interfere with the other; and indeed never does when the mind is properly regulated and the heart suitably imbued with holy principles.——But to return.

One practice of Mr. Hurd may be mentioned for the benefit of young men, which was a principal secret of his success in writing, as well as the ease and correctness with which he expressed himself in conversation or in public speaking. *He began to write early;* as soon, in fact, as he began to think. This is almost the only security for good writing. They who begin to think, and especially if to this they add successful public speaking, before they begin to write, seldom succeed in the latter accomplishment. The reason is obvious. The movement of the muscles in the act of writing, in

accordance with the volitions while thinking, is the effect of habit, and a habit too that requires long practice and frequent and laborious repetition in order to make it easy and agreeable. But this is a habit that must be formed while the mind is pliant, and while thought is young, and fresh, and slow in its procedure. But if a person have learned to entertain himself and others with his thoughts; if his mind have learned to kindle, and glow, to rise and swell, under the excitement of its own action, the slow and laborious process of committing to paper will hardly ever be acquired. The mental action is too rapid, the mind is too eager in the pursuit of its objects, and it finds entertainment too easily to submit to so painful a drudgery. Besides in this slow labor, the impatient mind loses its interest, its ardor abates, and it subsides into a train of thought dull, cold and spiritless. No longer interested itself, it, of course, loses the power to interest others. Without asserting that this is a complete solution, it may at least help to explain the phenomenon that many entertaining speakers, both public and private, have been very indifferent writers. Napoleon Bonaparte, and our own Patrick Henry are signal examples. Both were men of powerful and expansive minds; few men displayed in private conversation greater reach of intellect or profundity of thought than the former; and as an orator, none,

perhaps, excelled the latter: yet as writers, both have often been exceeded by mere school boys. The cause lay here, that the habit of writing was not acquired at an early period of their mental development, and it was too laborious an operation to be patiently submitted to afterwards.

We have seen how Mr. Hurd avoided this error. He began to write letters before he knew how to spell; while among the Indians, in addition to letters he write a diary, and occasional pieces; and after the commencement of his literary course, he wrote regularly his weekly compositions, besides keeping up an ample correspondence, and writing many occasional articles for various purposes.

In declamation Mr. Hurd was perhaps scarcely less successful than in composition, and with still greater credit to himself as he had more disadvantages to encounter. His person was tall, but rather disproportionately slender; in consequence of the feebleness of his constitution he had contracted a slight lateral inclination of the body; his voice was distinct and clear, but wanted fulness and power in the under tones. It possessed but little compass, and its ordinary pitch was rather high and piercing. Nor was there any thing remarkably graceful and elegant in his movements and gestures.

And yet we have rarely had among us a more effective public speaker. With an expansive, clear,

discriminating mind, he took in fully the import of his words, marked accurately the significant expressions; by correct inflexions of the voice clearly indicated their meaning to his hearer; and by entering deeply into the spirit of his piece himself, he never failed to carry its spirit into the breasts of those who listened to him. He was correct, clear, forcible. He could rouse the boisterous feelings of the heart, and wind up one's interest to an intense pitch of excitement; and again he could turn to the pathetic and discourse such eloquent music as made every chord of the soul vibrate in unison with his gentle sounds. A slight quaver of the voice, occasioned probably by his bodily weakness, added no little to the pathos of his tenderer strains, and helped to awaken the sympathy of his auditors. When he spoke his own productions he was peculiarly felicitous. The correspondence between his train of thought, and his natural and unstudied manner produced great effect. Then he was brilliant, rousing, powerful. Seizing upon the hearts of his audience by his vivid conceptions, and spirit stirring appeals, he would bear them away with him in a flood-tide of entranced emotion. We once saw an audience wrapped up in astonishment, and held for a time in breathless suspense, under the powerful spell which he threw around them, until the heart ached and the nerves quivered under the sensations

he awakened. Those who heard his Oration on Pleasure at the Junior Exhibition in 1835, we presume, would unanimously confirm our observation.

No doubt, in speaking as well as in writing, much of Mr. Hurd's success was owing to his early commencement. In this art as in the other, facility is the result of practice, long, arduous and attentive. For want of this, some of the most capacious minds have failed as egregiously in this department, as others have done in composition. Cromwell, the Protector, has often been cited as a familiar instance; a most comprehensive, clear and rapid thinker; but as a public speaker, dark, confused and utterly unintelligible. From Mr. Hurd's advice to his young friend, given in a preceding letter, we may infer what had been his own practice; and we shall, therefore, not wonder greatly at his success.

Perhaps we may be allowed to point out a serious obstacle in the way of correct public speaking. It consists in compelling children to read aloud in works they cannot understand. As the meaning is a perfect blank to them, of course they can do no more than utter the words, and they generally drawl or stammer them out, perhaps at the very top of their voices, without the least regard to emphasis or inflection; while the sole direction given

to them in the art of reading, is, "mind your stops!" Hence they acquire an artificial tone, an unintelligible sing-song, or a monotonous bawl. Hence there is no variety of intonation, neither emphasis nor cadence. All propriety is destroyed, nature is set at defiance, and the whole is an unmeaning jargon of uncouth sounds. To avoid this, only such books should be put into the hands of a child, to be read aloud, as he can understand and feel. Then correct emphasis, natural tones and appropriate modulations of the voice will be early acquired; and by adapting the books to the gradually developing capacity, he will, as he is prepared for it, be trained to the more elevated style of speaking and still carry with him a natural and appropriate, and therefore an agreeable and powerful delivery.

Such was the training of Mr. Hurd. His books were selected by his own taste, and of course according to his capacity. He read only what he could understand, appreciate, and feel. When he read aloud, therefore, he always interested others because he was interested himself; and when he began to practice speaking he still adhered to the same rule and with the same result. The hints and instruction he received in the course of his education were, no doubt, of service to him; but they would have availed but little, had it not been for his early habits and self training; or as some would

say, his natural aptitude. It is difficult to break up in, comparatively, a few lessons, brief and far apart, habits which the person has been years in acquiring. Hence the little advancement made at our colleges and academies in the art of elocution.

Previously to his entering college he had paid considerable attention to the branches which belong to the department of morals. He was very fond of investigating the powers of the mind, and the laws which govern their operation: of tracing out the principles which should regulate our moral actions, as well as of marking the nicer distinctions both in theoretic and practical ethics. He had read all he could lay his hands on upon these subjects, and they were most of the popular authors in the English language. Indeed he had read more in moral and intellectual philosophy before he entered college, than most young men have accomplished at the time of leaving it. No wonder then, that in a class of no ordinary mental power, he should have assumed and maintained the very first position.

In the other departments, he acquitted himself, if not with precisely equal success, at least, with very great respectability. His mind was sound and well balanced; not partial and irregular. He did not inordinately pursue one branch, to the neglect of others, nor ever excuse himself from intense application to certain subjects from a want of taste for

them. Though he had no doubt his preferences; yet, as he knew that the object of education is to form and mature the mind, and to accustom it to correct habits of thinking on every subject, he was well aware, that it is often of vital importance resolutely to cultivate those very branches for which the mind has the slightest predilection. It is often in this way only, that proper mental discipline can he acquired. On the whole, perhaps, no one in similar circumstances, could have better exemplified lord Bacon's celebrated remark on the relation of the three mental employments; viz. reading, including all kinds of study, makes a full man; speaking a ready man; and writing, an exact man.

Another particular in our young friend's mental character ought not to be omitted. I allude to his habits of neatness and accuracy. He wrote with care, acquired a clear and distinct hand, and attended to all the details of writing with precision: no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of printers and proof readers! Such little things are certainly worth attending to as well for one's own credit, as from a regard to the convenience, time, and temper of others. Yet how sadly are they neglected by those, especially who enter the advanced classes in college after a hasty preparation. We often see students, in grasping after the higher branches, neglect all the elements of every day knowledge;

so that many have "finished their education" whose most appropriate work would be Dilworth's or Webster's Spelling Book! If it be said that these are but small matters and easily acquired; the answer is ready; so much the more is it discreditable to be ignorant of them.

Mr. Hurd was regarded as a valuable and important acquisition to the college. He brought with him a weight of character, a depth of piety, and a superiority of mind which secured him a large share of influence. By his uniformly correct and consistent conduct, he gained the entire confidence of the Faculty; while by his affability, modesty and warmth of feeling he conciliated the students. Knowing how easily little jealousies will insinuate themselves among such a company of youug men, promiscuously thrown together from every part of the country, and every class of society, and every complexion and shade of character, it is not a little to his honor that during his stay, so far as I know, not a word to his disadvantage was ever spoken. Nothing but a mature christian character, and a peculiarly blameless and exemplary life—a life regulated by the holy principles of christianity—would have carried him unscathed through such an ordeal.

In addition to his necessary and arduous duties in college, he found abundant employment in the

various modes of christian usefulness. He was a regular attendant upon the means of grace in the institution, was always ready to take part in meetings for religious purposes, and the second year of his stay was appointed class leader—a station which he filled greatly to the edification of those entrusted to his care. Besides this, he was appointed by the Presiding Elder of the District in connexion with a fellow student also a preacher, to the pastoral charge of a small church at Middlefield, about six miles distant. To this place he went once a fortnight. He usually went out on the Saturday and after attending a prayer meeting or a class in the evening, and fulfilling the duties of the Sabbath, walked in again on Monday morning in time to resume his college duties. His labors here were highly appreciated by all. His talents, zeal, and piety were deeply felt by his congregations, and sincere and ardent are the testimonies to his worth which the writer of this has heard from the people of his charge. His memory is still cherished and revered among them, and he is universally accounted as a young man every way superior—nay, extraordinary. Thus in him was verified the words of Holy Writ, "The memory of the upright is blessed!"

But in addition to this regular work, he generally had full occupation for his intermediate Sabbaths.

His services were so much in request that the Sabbath was seldom a day of rest to him. He was repeatedly called upon to preach in the Baptist and Methodist Churches in the town, as well as to speak at Temperance meetings around the vicinity. Thus his time was chiefly spent. And who will say, that a religious collegian, sustaining such a character, and carrying such an influence, does not fill an important place, or may not be an instrument of great and extensive usefulness?

Meanwhile he did not permit one duty to interfere with another. His aim was to give to each proportionate attention, and an appropriate place. In the midst of all his engagements he found time to write an occasional letter by way of friendly remembrance and interchange of thought. The following to Mr. Allen will exhibit the ardor of his emotions, the tenor of his thoughts and the utility of his reading, even in those lighter productions whose aim is to embellish the character, rather than to subserve the more substantial purposes of life. His reading was not by any means confined to a limited range. It was ample and diversified; but always directed with a view to his improvement in mind, heart or manners.

Wesleyan University, October 31, 1835.

Monsieur Allen,

Pardon me that I have not written before. Not that I deem my neglect any loss to yourself; but I am aware that friendship (may I use the term?) is no cold calculator of utility; nor is it a thing that can endure harsh treatment; for,

"Neglect can wound it, and distrust destroy."

I would have written, but I could not. My Saturdays and Sabbaths, my only leisure time, have been all employed, you know how; not in a way very congenial with my health, nor favorable for my studies, nor very much in accordance with my own feelings, though possibly for the good of others, and the interests of religion. But really I question whether duty call the student to spend so much of his time and strength in going out to—talk! What think you?

I have been all impatience to hear of you in reference to that tour to the West and to his Majesty's dominions. Did the Falls answer your expectations? Was the country as fine as you expected? And a thousand other impertinent questions, I hope you will answer fully and speedily Write a New-Yorker*, and let Miss C. fill out the

* A term used in the Seminary at Cazenovia, to signify a large sheet well filled.

blanks and illustrate the whole with notes, which sometimes are necessary in classic writings. Especially I hope she will add a touch of her pencil to the description of your tour, in which she possibly may introduce some figures a little in the shade which your imagination would fail to suggest. If my hints are a little dark dont be displeased; for Burke says that darkness always creates a feeling of the sublime! As I have filled one page in writing nothing, we will now turn over the leaf.

The session thus far has passed agreeably and I trust profitably. The pleasure that I have enjoyed has been principally that of solitude. I have mingled very little, indeed none, in the circles *du beau monde.* I often look with grief-begetting pleasure on the social interviews which were passed at Cazenovia. Those scenes were enlivened by so much of sprightly humor, so much affability and kindness, by so many emotions of tenderness, exhibited in the spirit of true politeness, and above all by so much christian feeling, that they will be ever most grateful to memory. But here *Les Graces* do not soften and refine our society. There is a soul of recklessness in the conduct of students to each other, which is calculated to chill every warm affection, and blunt every sensibility of the soul. Indeed, college seems to me a better place to train

the students for the muscular combats of the gymnasium, or for the athletic excercises of the gladiator, than for the refinements of civilized life, and the circles of polite society. I scarcely know how a youth can spend four years in such a place without becoming so blunted in his sensibilities, and so cold in his manners as to be perfectly repulsive to a more sensitive mind. Yet I do know that some hearts at least have passed through college, without becoming dead to the tenderer sensibilities of our nature, and without being steeled to the nobler pulsations of pure and disinterested friendship: and I therefore live in hope that my short stay here, will not transform my heart into a lifeless, stoical, emotionles thing.

My reading since here, (aside from my college studies,) has been various. I have read Byron considerably. What a pity that he so prostituted his talents as he sometimes did! But I never can agree with the North American Review in his seven strictures on him. For certainly his pages glow with thought, and it seems to me that few writers could touch the cords that vibrate to the passions of the human heart with a more skilful hand than he. Yet I confess that I think too much reading of Byron would chill our hearts to the common woes of life. I am much pleased with the "Ambitious Student" of Bulwer. His re-

marks on "the consolations of ill health;" on the "desire of sympathy;" on the "differences of authors;" and on the "different branches of study," &c., I think, exhibit a deep knowledge of human nature, and a philosophic, discriminating mind. But I can not help thinking that in the midst of his moral reflections, he sometimes intends a seceret thrust at the vitals of religion. He seems to me the assassin masked! I may be wrong. I am now reading "Vita Washingtonii," by Glass. I presume you have read it. And are you not pleased with it? I am sure I could not feel more pleasure in perusing any classic author on any subject. Some say it carries us back two thousand years. I think not; it brings down classic days to the present; it brings forth Roman literature from its grave and gives it life and action; it transfers the deeds, the honors, and the renown of a Cæsar, to a greater than Cæsar, and makes the Greek and Roman who has stalked an empty name, to walk forth in flesh and blood our countryman, our patriot, our friend and parent. But ah, friend Allen! how little shall I ever know of the beauties and richness of those langaages which were the delight and only solace of poor Glass's life! I am ashamed that I have yet done no more. I would drink deep of the Castalian fount; I would cull the choicest flowers from the sacred field; I would gather the richest

treasures from the classic mind; but, "*fugit invida ætas et fugaces labuntur anni;*" and my frail body tells me my thoughts ought rather to be employed about that eternity to which my passage can be but short. Dreams of glory are vain. As for scientific distinction, I cannot expect it. If I can do some good in the world; add to the happiness of those around me and enjoy the testimony of a good conscience, I will lie down in the grave with composure; I will meet death with a smile, and welcome the hour of my dissolution as the dawn of immortality.

Your letter at the close of the session was the source of unutterable joy to me. O, it seemed to me that this clay tenement could not hold its spiritual inhabitant, but that it should fly to your society. I had ever regarded you as my most valued friend. I had felt the deepest solicitude that you might prove by experience the happy influence of religion on the mind, and it had been my secret, ardent, believing prayer that you might enjoy the comforts and pleasures which attend a rational, consistent piety. I always judged you favorable to religion; but when I was admitted to your friendship, I was almost disappointed to find there was so little difference in our theoretical views on this subject. When your letter came to hand, I read it, I wept. I rejoiced, I prayed. No single

event in my life do I remember that has filled my heart with so much joy. O! if I could but return to Cazenovia, what satisfaction should I not find in your and your sister's society. But I regret that I so often dishonored my profession while I was with you. Oh! that I might ever live so as to render religion a lovely, a desirable object. But I would not be gloomy. No; I would be cheerful, affable, affectionate. Yes, friend Allen, you will agree with me that the Christian ought to be a happy, a cheerful and a holy man. Religion elevates the mind, without making it haughty; it humbles it, without making it groveling; it calms it, without making it dull; it renders it pliable, but not inconstant; kind, but not effeminate; thoughtful, but not morose; devout, but not bigoted; and joyful, but not vain. Indeed, my dear friend, religion seems to me to be the very element of our spiritual nature. It is poetry, philosophy and wealth! O, may we ever live under its sanctifying influence! may we draw its sacred truths from the pure fount! Oh, there is a beauty, a purity, a sublimity in the scriptures, that we seek in vain elsewhere. May we study those sacred pages till our hearts glow with the same pure sentiments which swayed the bosoms of the inspired penman. "*Non vereor, in amore ne modum excesserim. Neque enim peri-*

culum est, ne sit nimium, quod esse maximum debet." So says Pliny; and so think I.

Have you seen Professor C's. address? Doubtless. And what think you of his ideas on the judgment and imagination? Do we not often mistake strong passion and a nervous irritability, for a lively imagination? And may not a man be susceptible of powerful excitement whose imagination is feeble and dull? And may not the most brilliant and lively imagination exist with a calm, tranquil temperament of mind? And is it not from a want of attention to this distinction between feeling and imagination that many errors have arisen? He does not always soar highest who flutters most.

Is the Lyceum prospering? Are the debates generally interesting? Who are the best debaters? I hope that society may long continue a blessing to the school. I am convinced that no branch of education is more important than declaiming, debating, and writing. Our societies here are places where much strength of argument and much real talent are displayep. Next Tuesday evening C. and myself are to be the combatants. I rather tremble at the contest: but then it is better to be vanquished by a Hercules than to triumph over a pigmy. There is some honor in having grappled with such an one.

Present my respects to all whom it may concern, and believe me

Yours by every endearing tie,

A. H. Hurd.

CHAPTER XII.

Takes a School at Wethersfield—Junior Exhibition—Mr. Hurd's Oration—Pleasure—"the Battle of Fort Mystic"

In such occupations as we have described without any thing very remarkable to vary the routine of his life, the period of his first term passed along. As the winter approached it became necessary for him to think of procuring a school, to enable him to meet his expenses. Accordingly he obtained a situation at the pleasant village of Wethersfield, where in the latter part of November he found himself comfortably settled in a kind family, and duly ensconsed in the chair of authority. Here, as elsewhere, he soon found himself ample employment. What with the labors of his school, imparting instruction in French and Latin to some

private pupils, keeping on with his collegiate studies, and preaching on the Sabbath, and attending meetings through the week, besides giving his advice on various matters on which he was consulted, and maintaining his usual correspondence,—in which by the way, his letters were none of the shortest,—he must have had a frame of iron and nerves of steel, not to have sensibly felt the pressure upon his system. Indeed, the labor he accomplished, considering his frail constitution, was wonderful.

We have received several of the letters which he wrote during this period, some extracts from which we think will afford entertainment and profit to the reader. The first was to his friend and former teacher, now Professor Allen of Dickinson College. We present only one short passage as a specimen of his power of personal description. The delineation is vivid and vigorous; and we apprehend its original will be instantly identified by those who were present.

"I dismissed last week for Thanksgiving, and to attend the exhibition of the Seniors at Middletown. The performance was good; but a young gentleman from the south named ——, eclipsed them *all.* His was *oratory* such as I never heard before. He is tall—perhaps six feet and an inch—

slender and straight; his limbs flexible as the reed; his forehead broad and open; his hair a light brown; his eye piercing, but mild; his features delicate and spare; his movements the simplest playings of nature; his language chaste, but nervous; his thoughts poetic and brilliant; and the tones of his voice clear and soft, but thrilling and startling. The audience hung on his speech breathless. The sensation produced was *appallingly delightful!*"

* * * * *

In another to the same gentleman, he says: "I have been reading Hannah More's Cœlebs, and think it very good. Character is admirably drawn and christianity exhibited in her native loveliness. Do you not think Mr. Stanley's family a perfect pattern? What mildness, forbearance, cheerfulnass, activity, benevolence, freedom from ostentation! There I find developed just what I think the christian ought to be. I would have him avoid all the extremes into which the other various characters run; and come into the middle ground of christian zeal, tempered by christian love, directed by christian philosophy, and shaded by christian modesty. O, if the church had a host of Stanley's in the great outlines of character, how soon would truth triumph, and error shrink into her native darkness! But how few, my dear A., understand

the principles of our divine religion! Yes, how few even among professing christians! I am surprised that so little attention should be paid to the Scriptures, and that so few should perceive and relish their literary beauties! The Bible like its kindred volume Nature, seems to possess an inexhaustible fund of wisdom which is scarcely visible to the superficial observer."

In the latter part of the coming March, was held the exhibition of the Junior Class. Mr Hurd's part was an English oration which he wrote by catching broken fragments of the time in the intervals of his daily employment. Though his term at shcool was not ended, he came to the exhibition, and spoke the piece which we subjoin. It was delivered with such effect as to thrill every nerve of his auditory, and produce the most intense sensation of delight.

Pleasure.

"Ambiguity is a striking characteristic of language. The same word is made to designate the purest sentiment of the undying spirit, and the vilest passion of the perishable brute; while the glowing fervor of angelic nature, the sparklings of genius, and the writhing of an accusing conscience have but a common name! In the word pleasure,

we have the mingled idea of the nectar flowing pure from the Elysian fount, and of the gall and wormwood distilled from the poison of sin. Pleasure has formed the soul and substance of one system of Philosophy, has been made the single duty and sole interest of man; and by another it has been caricatured into a thousand Protean forms of ill. With the one it is virtue's self luring to unsullied bliss; and with the other, the beguiling serpent, the worm that dies not, the scorpion of a thousand stings. Pleasure has sweetened the minstrel's song, and swelled with anguish the voice of woe; has pointed the shaft of the satirist and drowned the sense of the inebriate; has winged the lightnings of eloquence, and palsied the energies of genius; has lighted the altar of devotion and fanned the flames of hell.

Its name is one; and whatever its nature, it still wears this angel garb. Though it were armed with the terrors of the second death, though its touch were pollution and its breath the pestilence, still it might be pleasure. Oh! madness! how many daily perish at her unholy shrine? With what infatuation they rush forward, but to be crushed beneath her ponderous car! How many have wooed her embrace, but to be pierced through with ten thousand sorrows! Often, in the midnight

dance, does the fair victim fit herself for the slaughter: and

—"chace the glowing hours with flying feet,"

until wan disease has drunk up the crimson tide of health, and consumption glutted with the beauteous offering, consigns over the wasted remains to the insatiate rioters of the tomb. Like the mariner on the deceitful waters, thoughtless, sporting, and gay, they are borne on in the giddy rounds of pleasure, listening to the syren's voice, till roused by Charybdis' dashing spray, the infallible precursor of a premature grave. Had we the pencil of a Raphael, we would sketch a picture at which the genius of humanity would weep, and death itself would drop a tear! But who shall paint the blanched paleness of death, creeping over the bloom of the rose; the swelling of high hopes against the ebbing tide of life: the warm gleamings of affection, midst the icy coldness of the tomb, the coiling of the serpent in the rose bed of ease; and the sparklings of joy, through the eyes of despair? But we drop the curtain; for the heart sickens, imagination reels, and delicacy refuses to look on the woes that are there enshrouded.

With one class, Pleasure consists solely in the sensual. Intellect is repudiated. The fires of

genius never warmed their frigid bosoms; the light of science never shot its rays down through that dark, eternal night which curtains their sordid souls. They see pleasure only as it sparkles in the bowl; they taste it only in luxuries' rich viands; they feel it only in the reveries of intoxication. For *this* they plunge into dissipation, wreck and ruin their fortunes, blast the hopes of their friends, and degrade themselves to a level with the crawling reptile. They count not treasure, they value not friendship; no, nor honor, nor life when pleasure is the prize. And brilliant indeed are their dreams of bliss, while the fumes of intoxication last. Often does the wretched bankrupt picture to himself the princely mansion, the gilded sofa, the countless treasure, the rich saloon, the splendid tapestry, and the bower of delight, nor once dreams himself the wretch he is, dancing on the eddying whirlpool, or reeling o'er the headlong precipice. But short is the passage from this fancied world of enjoyment, to his real self-created world of woe. Oh! the transit! What loathing of being! What shrinking from self! What panting for oblivion! Oh! that deathly worm! That quenchless fire! If this be pleasure, what then is pain? What the bitterness of unmitigated anguish?

From the brute-like sensualist we turn to the

intellectual worshipper of this multiform divinity. Here though we approve not, yet we may admire; though we pity, yet we cannot feel contempt. Here are some of the brightest itellects that ever flashed light on the world of mind. Spirits of ether and genii of fire, they have mounted above the fogs and clouds of sensuality and forgetful of mankind, with no sympathies for their sufferings, and no tear for their woe, they have sported in the bright regions of fancy, and revelled in the rich creations of their own exhaustless intellect. For them plea sure lives only in the regions of fiction. The cold realites of life are too wintry a clime. But beneath the mystic wand of romance, every sky becomes brightness, every breeze softness, and every sound melody. Even the bleak hills, and solitary glens, the storm beaten cliffs, and the wild mountains of Scotland, have been made to glow with a deeper radiance, than the grape mantling hills, and rich carpeted vales of Italy. Who but has felt the magic of her power while tracing her gorgeous fictions and ideal splendors; her cold and striking delineations of character, where beauty beams and wit dazzles; where softness wooes and kindness melts; where valor gleams and vice cowers; where poetry glows, and eloquence like inspiration breathes on the soul, or lightning-like darts along the trembling nerve, and sends the rushing blood in

nimbler torrents, until the heart vibrates, with its thousand cords, in one deep, full, melodious tone of joy? Oh! it is a frantic feeling! Never did Delius breathe an inspiration more enchanting. 'Tis resistless; as the wasted lamp of midnight; the sleepless, but fading eye, the wan, pale cheek, the fevered brain, and the feeble glimmerings of life's parting ray too often testify. Never was monk more faithful to his cloister, or saint more fervid in his devotions, or magician more inspired in his converse with the stars, than the novelist in his romantic reveries. Oh! were those visions but reality! Were they but perpetual as the mind! But how, like the pleasant dreams of the fevered couch, or the fancied banquet of the starving man, do they vanish at the first waking of sober thought! As the dungeon bound captive, who dreams of ranging "the steep mountain side," and of drinking from the mountain rill, wakes but to feel the cold, death like damps, to look on the wall of adamant, and to hear the creaking of his prison door and the rattling of his chains; so wakes the lover of romance, to the chilling, unsocial, repulsive realities of life. Instead of the beau ideal, the embodied perfection, he too often finds, the blending of a single virtue with a thousand crimes. Instead of perpetual smiles, and winning grace, he meets with the unwelcome reception, the chilling neglect, the dark

frown, the fiendish scowl, or the withering sneer. Instead of beauty's auburn locks, and mantling cheek, and gleaming eye, he looks on the deformities of his fellow clay, and like the sensitive plant, recoils from the contact, shrinks into the solitude of his own fancied delicacy, and broods over the dark shades of human character, till he is steeped in the venom and poison of misanthropy. How often, alas! has this indulgence in fiction, this intellectual riot, generated a morbid sensibility which has drunk up the balm of life; which has twined like a scorpion round the heart's affections, and transfused its poison through the mind, till its breathings have been a moral pestilence, a spiritual sirocco!

But still the soul seems formed for pleasure, and like the bee, she flits from flower to flower, and sucks their sweets, nor ever finds satiety. Retired in her dark observatory, she has viewed nature's unfolding but exhaustless beauties; has traced the transforming progress of art; has gazed on the breathing marble and the speaking canvass, has seen the beauteous temple rising from the unpolished marble, and rearing aloft her graceful Corinthian columns; or the magnificent palace frowning over its massy, Gothic arches; has listened to the sweet and silver tones of music, as they have been wafted "soft as the lutes of heaven," over the balmy hills of Italy, or have been echoed in deafening,

thundering, enchanting peals from the galleries and porticoes of a Cathedral.

For *one* there is no pleasure save in the *lovely*. The blushing flower, or twinkling diamond, the perfect symmetry, or graceful mien, the gentle and tender, whether mental or physical, move on his heart like the breath of morn, and cause his joy to flow in melting murmurs like the mountain rill. Another, calm as the broad, clear sky, or tranquil ocean, drinks in his pleasure in one deep, wide, perpetual flow of serenity, till *heaven* were scarce more placid and happy; while a third, eagle-like, is made for the storms and sublimities of nature. Where beauty smiles and brightness beams, he would be unhappy: he would sigh for the mountain cliff, the towering crag, the rushing, roaring cataract; he would fain mount the lightning's wing, and ride on the storm, where cloud above clouds piled in awful grandeur, are borne on by the furious tempest, wheeling, darkening, bursting in terrific warfare. The gathering of martial hosts, the collision of mighty armies, the glittering of warlike steel, the covulsions of falling empires, the heaving ocean, and the sweeping tornado rush on him with bewildering *pleasure*.

But what boots it all, though romance shed around us her golden dreams—dreams bright as an Italian sky—though song in heavenly harmony

pour her numbers on the soul; though the mind has ranged the boundless fields of science, and dived deep into the dark recesses of hidden thought, has drunk from every classic rill, and gathered a pearl from every grotto of the muses; has sported with the sublimities of nature till philosophy has no secrets, religion no mysteries, and poetry no vestal shrine? What boots it all if man be not immortal? if man be but a pampered fatling to feast the gay revelers of the tomb? Oh! these bright visions are but the gilding of life's clouds with the transient beams of that fancy, which is so soon to be extinguished forever! It is but the hectic flush which bodes eternal paleness.

But devotion has loftier aspirations. Not sated with decyphering the counsels of eternal goodness, inscribed on every page of nature's great volume; with tracing the laws by which the great architect constructed and regulates this complicate machine; with reading in every stratum of rock the hand writing of eternal wisdom; with seeing in every flower the pencilings of nature's great master; and from the minutest fibre up to the 'fearfully and wonderfully' wrought frame of man; from the feeblest insect, to the mightiest orb of heaven, discovering the wisdom, and providence of the creator, and feeling in every step that he moves, and breathes and talks with God; he purposes to take

another step, to leap the scanty limits of time, and prove by perpetual bliss, that the only source of pure, spiritual, exalting pleasure, is a virtuous immortality."

The reader will already have seen that Mr. Hurd possessed the essential characteristics of a poet, and had he turned his attention particularly to this department of literature, there is little doubt that he would have secured no contemptible eminence. But few and short were his visits to the muse. Yet among the pieces which have fallen into our hands there are several which breathe the true poetic spirit, one of which we select as a specimen. It was written somewhere about this period of his life, that is, during his Junior year in college, but in what part of it we cannot say.

Battle of Fort Mystic.

"Slowly the midnight shades withdrew,
And gently fell the morning dew,
As radiant, twinkling, brauteous, lone
Fair Venus rising, brightly shone;
While o'er the east, in varied hues,
Aurora's beams their light diffuse,
And shooting o'er the azure sky
Tinge it with deep vermilion dye:
While clouds their ample robes unfold—

With borders richly dyed in gold.
All nature calmly hushed in sleep,
Reposed upon the placid deep,
And not a breeze the silence broke,
Nor yet the forest choir had woke:
But all was lulled in balmy rest,
Like infant on its mother's breast;—
There, 'neath the dark and lonely wood,
In armour clad the Pilgrim stood;—
"A fearless, firm, and holy band,
Commissioned by the Almighty's hand,"*
To scourge Columbia's sable race,
And blot from earth their dwelling place.
To heaven they raised one ardent prayer,
Then with a calm, majestic air
In slow and solemn pace they moved,
As to the grave of one beloved.
Nor drum, nor fife, nor clarion sound,
Disturbed the peace that reigned around;
The poplar's leaf seemed scarce to shake,
And lightest tread o'er tangled brake
Caused e'en the brave to start aside,
So still and calm was all beside.
The warwhoop's note had died away,
As near approached the dawning day.
The revel wild, terific yell
And battle song which shook the dell,

* Not the sentiment of the writer.

In lowly murmurs sank to peace
And weary dancers sought their ease.
Quiet they slept as in the grave,
While onward came the warriors brave;
Nor dreamed they once, how near the foe;
How vain would twang their battle bow:
How soon would moulder in that place,
The wasted remnant of their race.
They dreamed of battles nobly won,
And heard the 'pale face' wail her son;
In triumph bore the trembling maid,
Through forest, glen, or lonely glade:
They saw the hamlet's midnight glare,
And heard the voice of fell despair,
And joyful rushed the spoil to share;
As dragged to forests drear and wild,
A widowed wife or orphan child,
And lighted up the hellish fire,
To glut their more than demon's ire:
While loudly rang their voice of glee,
At hopeless, nameless misery.
They saw the whiteman's power decay;
His race and dwelling waste away,
While o'er their mouldering ruins grew
The sturdy oak and cheerless yew.
They saw the last of Europe's race,
Go down to death's dark dwelling place;
And joyful on his grave's lone verge,

They chanted forth his funeral dirge.
Bright was their dream but swift it sped,
While *fury's* storm, burst on their head.
'Twas as the sun's last gleaming ray,
That twinkles, at the close of day,
Then sinks behind the rolling cloud,
That wraps the earth in sable shroud;
Or like consumption's hectic bloom
That bodes the paleness of the tomb.
Their slumbers fled, and they awoke
To face the carnage-dealing stroke,
While on them rolled in vengeful ire,
A stream of life-devouring fire;
And forward rushed the pilgrim band
Bestowing death with liberal hand.
Then roused the chief, with fury stung,
And shrill his cry through forest rung,
While from his bow with lightning's speed
Flew thick and sure the fatal reed;
And from each shrub, and tree, and bush
Like hellish fiends, his warriors rush;
And on that brave Spartanic band,
Hurled back the shot with faultless hand.
One step recoiled that valiant few;
Then to their charge in fury flew,
And with the tempest's sweeping might,
Bore back the sable sons of night.
In foremost rank brave Mason stood,

And free his sword drank Indian blood:
Nor ever dealt his arm a blow,
But 'neath it sunk the white man's foe.
Still fought the Pequots long and well,
And wildly rang their chieftain's yell;
As with the tiger's fiendish glare,
His dark eye, gleaming with despair,
He grasped his axe, and with his might
Flew to the thickest of the fight,—
Adjured his warriors, still to save
Their land, or meet a common grave.
Like thunder's note the muskets peal;
Like lightning gleams the brandished steel;
While through the distant, lonely glen,
Is heard the moans of dying men;
Or o'er the widely spreading vale,
The breezes waft the widow's wail;
Or from the mountain's cragged height,
Is echoed back the noisy fright;
Or long the ocean's dashing shore,
Is borne the battle's mingled roar.
Then with a fierce and desperate hand,
Bold Mason seized the burning brand;
And, as the flames in fury sped,
And gathered o'er the Pequot's head,
And onward rushed in nimble flight,
Wrapping the fort in streaming light;
While rolled aloft the curling smoke,

Circling above the pine and oak,
And mantling, like the darkling cloud,
The hill and vale in mourning shroud;
From out the conflagration's glare,
Was heard the voice of keen despair;
For there the child, the mother, sire,
Were doomed to meet their funeral pyre.
But yesterday we saw his place,
The fortress of a valiant race;
A race, whose bow ne'er bent in vain,
Oft drank the blood of warrior slain;
A race whose heart ne'er shrunk from fear,
Whose eye ne'er melted with a tear.
For centuries long the hemlock rose,
And spread his boughs to bleaching snows;
Defies the tempest's riving shock,
Nor moves, but stands like mountain rock,
While round his trunk and branches, twine
The slender shrub and circling vine.
The whirlwind came. The lightning's glare
Gleamed madly on the lurid air,
Then bolt and blast with fury driven,
Burst on the trunk in sunder riven,
Till crushed, and rent, and scathed, it fell.
But who would deign its tale to tell?
So sunk the Pequot's noble race,
Nor marks a stone their burial place.
They sleep beneath a single grave,

While dark oblivion's cheerless wave
Sweeps o'er their dust. Beneath *that* spot,
Their bones, their names, their actions rot—
Nor *they* alone; but all who bear
The Indian form, seem doomed to share
A kindred fate. They're swept by death,
As with consumption's poisoning breath.
As fades with frost the wild heath flower,
So wastes away the Indian's power;
And, as the flower its fragrance yields
To deserts wild, and sterile fields;
So *he* with soul divinely framed,
Breathes forth his life, unwept, unnamed:
Cast forth like autumn's withered leaf,
He moves no love, awakes no grief.—
Oh! Why shall tears for others flow,
Nor eyes be moist at Indian's woe?
Could *I* but pen *one* deathless line,
That, Child of Nature, *that* were *thine.*

CHAPTER XIII.

Flattering offers—Theological Class—Missionary Lyceum—Essays.

At the commencement of the spring term 1836, Mr. Hurd resumed his place in the University.

As usual he entered upon the duties with great ardor, and soon found himself loaded with engagements too onerous for his constitution to sustain. The proof of the integrity of his motives, as well as of the ardor of his thirst for knowledge, received at this time, additional confirmation. He received several flattering and advantageous offers of employment as a teacher; one from Cazenovia, where he was well known and appreciated; and one from the Augusta High School, in the State of Maine. The latter held out the prospect of a permanent situation, with a handsome salary. But when he might have thus relieved himself from all embarrassment, and secured a place of great respectability and independance, he preferred to toil on and grapple with difficulties, taking for his present consolation, exhilerating draughts from the fount of Helicon, and refreshing his soul with the hopes of greater happiness and usefulness in futurity.

Writing to a friend, he says in reference to declining one of these offers, "You know my inflexibility in every thing pertaining to an education. To obtain A. B. simply, never was an object with me. I wish not so much the sign, as the thing signified. Already my education has been broken into so many fragments, that there is nothing like a whole about it. Of the modern languages, I have none, save a smattering of French. I wish to stu-

dy German and Italian at least. In the natural sciences, I am very deficient, and in the Belles Lettres department, still more so. Now the coming year is one in which I feel that I must lay a foundation, if ever, for my literary character. I want the training of College. I must have discipline, rigid, severe discipline; or my wild, incoherent, extravagant mode of thinking, will never be chastened down, so as to render me useful to the world."

In one of Mr. Hurd's former letters to his friend Mr. Caldwell, he mentions a Theological Class or Society, in the Wesleyan University. This is a voluntary association, composed of such young men as have a view to the Christian ministry. They meet together once a week, under the direction of the President, for improvement in theological knowledge, and such subjects as have immediate reference to their contemplated pursuits. Part of the exercises on these occasions, consists in reading original essays on some selected subject, upon which the presiding officer makes his observations, and then receiving the pieces, corrects them and returns them at the next meeting. During the absence of Dr. Fisk in Europe, this office devolved on the writer of this little volume, and in this capacity he received and corrected Mr. Hurd's compositions, who was at this time a member of the class.

Several of these essays are now before me, from which we select two, as specimens of his didactic and argumentative style, as well as of the soundness of judgment, and clearness of thought, which marked his mental character.

Repentance.

As this subject lies at the foundation of all right christian practice, there cannot be too much care bestowed upon obtaining a correct understanding of it. We shall therefore 1st, Explain the nature of evangelical Repentance: 2dly, Point out its originating cause; and 3dly, Inquire into ultimate design, or final cause.

I. Repentance in general, signifies sorrow for any past act. In an evangelical sense, it implies, *that conviction*, and *sorrow* for sin, which leads to its sincere renouncement. By *conviction* I mean, a true discovery of the nature of sin, and a persuasion of personnl, individual guilt. Without the former, the mind may be terrified and alarmed at an indefinite and vague idea of criminality and danger; and without the latter, there may be clear conceptions of the turpitude of sin in the abstract; but it it is only when the two are united, and the mind discovering the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," feels its own personal defilement, that the man can truly say, "I have *sinned!*" "Wherefore I abhor my-

self, and *repent* in dust and ashes." Genuine *conviction* is usually accompanied by sorrow; by which I mean, (not necessarily "the sorrow of death" and "the pangs of hell," as the Psalmest has it,) but a sincere regret, and a desire to make an atonement for the wrong that is past, with a fixed resolution to avoid it for the future. It is not so much a feeling of terror, and fearful foreboding of future woe, as of humiliating and mortifying anguish for present guilt. The language of true repentance is; "What shall I render unto thee," Lord, for "against *thee* and *thee* only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight?" The indignity offered to the Divine law, which will be perceived to be "holy, just and good;" and the ingratitude showed to the Creator and Redeemer, who will be viewed as "long suffering, and merciful;" and the moral defilement of the image of God in his own person, will generally so absorb the feelings of the true penitent, as scarcely to permit a thought of his individual danger. In some cases there may be fearful disclosures of divine wrath, and awful shudderings at the thought of hell; but, while these things may exist with repentance, yet, they should not be made an essential part of it, nor should it be forgotton that they may exist where true repentance is not; nay, more, where true repentence never *can* be. If we mistake not, then,

this primary grace of the christian character, consists 1st, In a correct view of sin; 2d, In a sense of personal guilt; 3d, In sincere regret for past crimes. 4th, In hatred of sin, *as such*, without reference to its punishment; 5th, A determination to forsake sin; and 6th, In deep humiliation and contrition of spirit before God.

II. We are to point out the originating cause of repentance. 1st, Some have attributed it to the *mere mercy* of God, without any reference to a vicarious sacrifice. It appears to us that there is an impropriety in this; for either Repentance was designed to restore the offender to favor, and prevent the execution of the law; or it was *not*. If it *was*, then the Law giver, made provision for the inevitable defeat of the claims of his own law; but if *not*, then it meets none of the exigencies of the case, but leaves the sinner, although repentant, without hope, or pardon. Such a course of conduct, (we would speak it reverently) seems to us too weak and ridiculous, to be attributed, even to a human legislator. 2d, It has been said that Repentance originates entirely in the innate moral ability of man. Now this seems quite as far from truth as the other; for 1st, it is subject to the same difficulties; it either subverts all law, or it accomplishes no worthy purpose whatever. 2d, It destroys the idea of inherent depravity. We are therefore led

to embrace, as the only rational system, that which is made known in the Holy Scriptures, viz. that the atonement of Jesus Christ is its true originating cause. Thus St. Luke informs us that, "It behoved Christ to suffer, &c; that *repentance* and remission of sins, might be preached in his name," &c. Here repentance is placed on the same ground as remission of sins, and both are referred to the death and resurrection of Christ for their origin. Again we are told, that "God hath exalted *Him*, (i. e. Christ,) to be a Prince and a Saviour, to *give* repentance unto Israel;" and it is in view of this same truth, that the inspired penman, in speaking of the preaching of the gospel among the Gentiles, says "then has God *granted* repentance unto" them also. But it may be thought, that this view of the subject relieves man from the responsibility of repentance. We answer *no*. It increases that responsibility; "for the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, has appeared unto all men;" the "Spirit of truth has come and convinced the world of sin;" "that light which enlightens every man that comes into the world," has shined into the sinner's conscience, and it remains for man to decide "whether he will be drawn unto" Christ, or whether he will *choose darkness* rather than light, and "resisting the Holy Ghost"

will "work out his own" damnation with greediness.

III. We are to inquire into the ultimate design, or object of repentance. It has been thought that it changes the moral relation of the sinner to his God; and renders it morally right and fit that pardon should be bestowed, without any farther satisfaction. Now this view of the question, however plausible, is sufficiently refuted by the constitution of our natures, and by the ordinary course of Providence. It is not mere repentance that will save a man from drinking the bitter cup, mingled by his own folly and crimes; nor will this alone repair the injury he has done to others, or restore the moral order and harmony which he has disturbed. There are, then, many reasons why sin should not be pardoned merely on the ground of Repentance. 1st, This very doctrine assumes it as morally unjust, and unfit to pardon the *impenitent*. If so, then we can see no cause that will justify the bestowment of pardon, merely because the offender has become penitent. A mere change in the mind can not affect the moral character of former actions, it can not annul the claims of Divine justice; it can not place the guilty on the same ground as the innocent; it can not answer the end of moral discipline; and it affords no security whatever, against future transgressions. This sentiment

would confound all distinctions between moral right and wrong, between sin and holiness; for it makes guilt, or at least, exposure to punishment *for* guilt, to exist *not* in moral *action*, but in want of penitence, and in that *alone*. 2d, This doctrine annihilates all law; for law that has no sanctions, and may be thwarted every moment in its operations, is no law. But this sentiment would enable the offender to arrest the arm of Divine justice; to prevent the execution of merited punishment; and to evade the righteous penalty denounced upon his own crimes. According to this system, there is no consolation offered to undeviating virtue, which may not be claimed, by the daring and heaven provoking offender; for the very moment that vengeance overtakes him in his course of crime, he has but to *repent*, and he escapes at once from the hands of the executioner. But it may be asked, what then is the office and design of repentance? We answer. 1st, It arises *necessarily* from the very nature of the case. It would be a moral impossibility for the sinner to see himself as he is, and return to God without deep, *genuine* contrition of heart. 2d, It is *necessary* to bring the mind into a proper state to receive that pardon, and justification which has already been purchased, and is now fully offered. Without this breaking down and subduing, the "mind is at enmity against God, is not subject to

his law, neither indeed *can* be." It rejects the offers of mercy, to its own destruction. In this view of the subject, no right is relinquished, no claims of the law set aside, but "Christ has suffered the just for the unjust;" the government of Heaven stands unimpaired; and the sinner is invited, nay *prepared* by the Divine Spirit, to repent, not to make an atonement for his sins, but to receive their "remission through the blood of a crucified Redeemer; and while the Spirit calls, it gives no encouragement to delay, no consoling promise to the sinner, as does the other system, but it says "*to day*" "now" "I will not always strive" &c.

Sanctification.

That the gospel makes a distinction between Justification and Sanctification, is too evident to need proof; and that it promises entire deliverence from sin, and a complete renewal of the soul "after the image of God," is a truth not disputed by any. But, as to the time this great work is to be wrought, there have been different opinions. Some warmly contend that is not attainable in the present life. To this theory there seem to be insuperable objections. 1st, It supposes either an inability or an unwillingness in God to save from *sin here*, even though the Christian long for deliverance, and "thirst after righteousness," as doubtless every gen-

uine Christian *will.* 2d, It seems to imply, that sin is a necessary result of the soul's connection with the body. But the Scriptures teach us plainly that sin has its origin, not in our physical, but in our spiritual being; and indeed common reflection would appear sufficient to teach us the same fact. "Sin is the transgression of the law," and it is from the "*heart* that proceed evil thoughts," and almost all the sins that man commits. Furthermore, many sins are purely of a spirtual nature. Such are "pride, envy, malice, hatred to God, &c."

And to suppose sin to result, necessarily, from a connection of the mind with matter, is to charge the Creator with placing us under circumstances, in which *sin* is unavoidable; a supposition which seems to destroy the very *idea of sin.* 3d, This doctrine must make provision for admission into Heaven in an *unholy* state, or for some change of moral character after death. The former idea is plainly repugnant to the word of God; which says, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and that "nothing impure or unholy" shall enter into that sacred place. Nor is the latter less at variance with the general testimony of Scripture. "We shall receive according to the things done *in the body,*" when we stand "at the judgment seat of Christ," not for repentance, or works *after death.* 4th, The oracles of Truth no where *intimate* that

deliverance from sin shall be accomplished *at* death, nor after the soul has passed the bounds of its temporal probation. From these and many other reasons, we infer that if man be sanctified at all, it must be in the present life. But, let it be understood, that by entire salvation from sin, we do not mean impeccability; nor do we mean a deliverance from temptation. Even Adam sinned, and "angels kept not their first estate;" therefore, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Christ himself was not free from buffetings; and certainly, "the disciple is not above his Lord." Nay, we do not mean that the Christian can acquire the "perfection" of a naturally upright being, who stands strong in his native innocence, with powers uncorrupted and unimpaired by former transgressions. But this we mean that he should be made "*perfect in love*," that "his *eye* should be *single*;" that his entire soul should become the "temple of the Holy Ghost;" and that his emotions, thoughts, words and actions, should be governed by a strict regard to the will, and pleasure of Heaven. Nor have the Scriptures left this important question in the dark. Nay, we think they have made it quite plain; so that "the wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein."

This appears, 1st From the object of Christ's mission; viz: "to save his people from their sins;"

"to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;" and to set an example, "that they might follow his steps," that "*as he is*," so they might be "*in this world*." 2d, From the intimate relations under which Christ and his followers are mentioned. "*I* am the vine; ye are the branches;" "Christ dwelleth in you." "Your bodies are the members of Christ;" "I will dwell in you, and walk in you." And a variety of other similar expressions are made use of, to point the intimate connexion between the Savior and the saved. Now to suppose the latter *are* not and *can* not be made holy here, is to conceive a strange blending "of light with darkness," and mingling of "righteousness with unrighteousness; and reconciling of Christ with Belial." But no, the Savior has already settled this point, "Ye can not serve two masters." 3d, The gospel is explicit in its *requirements*. "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And pray, in what can this perfection consist, but in the purity of love, and holiness of heart? "Be ye holy for I am holy." And can this injunction be obeyed while the subject of it sins every day, yea, every hour of his being? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength." Surely where such love exists there must be moral purity, and such love *may* exist here, or the Savior would never have required it. Oh!

who but pants to prove this gospel fullness, to obtain entire redemption:

> "To sink into the purple flood,
> And rise to all the life of God?"

The promises of the gospel are quite as clear, that the Christian *shall* be *sanctified here.* Thus the Lord by the mouth of Ezekiel says, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be *clean;* from *all* your Idols will I cleanse you." "A new heart will I give unto you, and a new spirit will I put within you," &c. Ezekiel xxxvi. 25. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" says the inspired John; and again, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness." And this same writer expressly says that he that has the Christian hope in him, "purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure." And that this refers to the present life is manifest, because it is mentioned as taking place *now;* and while he is yet a child of hope, not admitted to that state of ineffable enjoyment,

> "Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
> And hope in full supreme delight."

5th, The prayers of the inspired writers, are quite enough to satisfy *our* mind on this subject. Thus the Apostle prays: "I pray God your whole

spirit, soul and body be preserved *blameless* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. 1 Thes. v. 23. And again we hear him uttering language like this. "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Chist, being filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ." &c. Now if the Apostle understood his own language, I can see no way to avoid the conclusion that *he* believed in a *present*, complete salvation from sin. For he not only speaks of the entire sanctification of "soul, spirit, and body," but of a "preservation in this state until the coming of Christ." But when we consider him as "moved by the Holy Ghost," we must believe that it is possible, and not only possible, but absolutely essential that the Christian should be "filled with all the fullness of God," and that "the righteousness of the law should be fulfiled," in him walking "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Mr. Hurd was also a member of the Missionary Lyceum connected with the University, and for some time was its corresponding secretary. The object of the members of this association is to extend their knowledge of missionary operations, and foster in their bosoms the missionary spirit. They meet together semi-monthly. They debate

subjects relating to the cause of missions, receive communications from abroad, and hear original essays from such as are appointed to write.

The christian reader, if we mistake not, will be gratified by the perusal of the following essays from Mr. Hurd's pen. They contain important thoughts, and serve to illustrate both the character of the writer, and the nature of the essays read before the Lyceum. The former of these is the paper on Canadian Missions, to which reference was made near the commencement of this work.

Report on the Indian Missions in Canada.

In reporting on the Indian Missions in Canada, I shall be obliged to speak more from personal knowledge, than from written documents, although I have availed myself of the aid of the latter. Till 1823, the natives of Canada were literally "sitting in the region and shadow of death." Their souls were dying for want of knowledge, and their bodies with diseases engendered by debaucheries and dissipation. Drunkenness was their national sin; and none, no, not one of them was free from its contagion. As a natural consequence it extinguished every sense of morality and gave birth to every species of crime. To gratify his propensity for strong drink, the Indian would sell the last gar-

ment from his body; he would rob his wretched cabin of the last article of comfort, and leave his tender offspring to starve and perish with the cold. Thus cast forth "like the cubs of the hill fox," with no hand to provide for them, the children resorted to theft, to stay the gnawings of hunger; and dishonesty, to them became a virtue, and crime a necessity. Thus trained up from infancy, deception and craftiness, and fraud were the chief virtues of the Indian character. The natural ties of consanguinity had no place in his bosom; filial reverence constituted no part of his character; and paternal tenderness was an emotion unknown to him. The charms of domestic life were banished from his society; and she, who should have been the *partner* of his joys, was but a menial slave, and the object of his unfeeling barbarities. Polygamy was common; divorces frequent; and the consequence was that chastity was no virtue, and debauchery no vice. From a state of society like this, where the children owed nothing to their parents, and parents hoped nothing from their children, nothing could be expected but the most savage cruelty on the one hand, and recklessness and irreverence on the other. Accordingly we have known the infatuated Indian mother, take the tender infant from her bosom and attempt to consign it to the flames; or in the hour of cool blood, with deliberate malice, blow out the

brains of her older offspring. But such cases were rare, and indeed more so than we could well have expected from the state in which they lived. For the Indian's state, in one word was "a personification of woe." He was wronged and deceived by the whites; allured by them to dissipation; stript of his all; and then sent forth naked and starving to the forest, with no return for his property, or furs, save the poisonous cup of "fire waters," which consigned his body to a premature grave, and his soul——but I leave the thought. But oh! my mind shudders when I think of the cup of death mingled by the hands of my countrymen, which this unfortunate people have drunken to the *dregs*. If there be justice in heaven; if wrongs have an avenger there; and if the cry of the Indian's blood can find admittance, an awful storm of wrath must somewhere burst on the corrupters and destroyers of that *once* noble race. But I am digressing from the subject.

In the year above mentioned, a ray of heavenly light shone upon these benighted tribes. But I should say, however, that some time previous to this, there had been missionaries of the established church occasionally among the Mohawks, settled on the Grand River, and also among the same tribe settled on the Bay of Quinty. But still in a moral point of view their converts were but one remove

above their brethren in a savage state; indeed, they were quite as dissipated, as dishonest, and as degraded, with very few exceptions. Perhaps three or four might have been found, lone, solitary stars, gleaming with a brilliant but feeble light, in the midst of this general gloom. Miss Brandt, now Mrs. Kem, was a rare example of personal accomplishment and of devotedness to the cause of christianity.

In 1822, the Genesee Conference sent out Mr. Torry to labor about the Grand River, with a view of introducing the gospel among the Mohawks. His field of labor on and about the Grand River, embraced a circuit of about one hundred and forty miles in circumference, including the Delaware Indians near the mouth of the river, and several of the Mohawk tribes further up. About fifty miles up the river was the village, where the form of religion was partially observed by the reading of prayers, either by a clergyman, or by a native appointed for this purpose. Mr. Torry's labors were successful; some souls were hopefully converted both among the whites and the natives. But it was not, I think, till the next year that the spirit began to move powerfully on that dark abyss. Then God said "let there be light and there was light." At this time a pious and excellent young man named Seth Crawford, devoted himself to the service of

the Indians, and began to study the Mohawk language. He was an instrument of much good to this people. This young man in a letter to Elder Case, who was the great pioneer of the work of missions in Canada, says, "about the first who appeared deeply concerned about their souls, were two women. They both found peace, and their families with them, became joyful in God. On the 27th of July" he says, "when one of our brethren came to hold meeting among them, during singing and prayer, there was much melting of heart and fervency throughout the assembly; some trembled and wept, others sunk to the floor, and there was a cry for mercy through the congregation. Some cried 'Chemanetoo! Kitta maugese che muche nesne, &c.'—Great Good Spirit! I am very poor and wicked —Others were encouraging the penitents; others rejoicing over their converted neighbors," and so on. I wish I had time to make large extracts, but suffice it to say, they had a pentecost, and many were filled with the 'new wine' of the kingdom. This work continued to prosper and spread, but not without opposition. Many found that 'their craft was in danger,' and if this work was suffered to go on, 'turning the world upside down,' they would shortly have no market for their poison. But what could they do? Their efforts to quench this rising and spreading flame,

were fruitless, as they were diabolical! The finger of the Almighty was there, giving speed and energy to the work, and the breath of his spirit was fanning that sacred fire. The congregation continued to increase. A Sabbath School was soon commenced. Another revival commenced about this time, in another place about twelve miles from the mouth of the river. Quite a number turned from sin and satan unto God and found peace in believing. Brother Torry says, in a letter written at this time, "Oh, I could endure hunger, or sit down thankfully to their humble fare, or lie down in Indian wigwams all my life, to be employed in such a work as this;" aye and how many missionaries have said and felt the same, and have found a sweeter repose on the cold ground of Autum, with no shelter but heaven's vaults, than ever they enjoyed on a bed of down.

This year Peter Jones who had been a subject of the revival, began to exercise his talents occasionally among his brethren in public, and he soon became eminently useful. Elder Case, who was then Presiding Elder, visited the Indians on his tours around his district. and preached to them with great effect; and from this time began to feel so lively an interest in the salvation of this people, that he spared no pains, and counted no toils in hunting them up and pointing them to the Lamb of

God. On the 17th of November, a week day school was opened in the house of the chief, at the Grand River, under the care of Mr. Crawford. This gave new impulse to the work, which then appeared to be declining; and soon again the cry of penitence, and the groans of the distressed, and the shouts of 'new born souls' were heard. Children and parents were seen flocking to the altar of mercy together, and together embracing that salvation which is 'life, and health, and peace.'

In 1825, the work commenced among the Mississaugahs, a tribe of the Chippaways, the most indolent, filthy, and degraded of these sons of the forest. One of these Chiefs, a relative of Peter Jones, attended the meetings at the Grand River; became awakened and converted. Others were induced to attend, and through the pious labors of Peter and the converted Chief, were brought out of darkness, into the marvellous light of the gospel. They abandoned ardent spirits, united with the Church, and became examples of devout and consistent piety. Then indeed the Lord "wrought a work that you would in no wise believe, though a man should declare it unto you;" nay, it was difficult to believe one's own senses, so great was the change. This same year the gospel was carried to the Delawares and Chippaways, settled at Muncey Town. This work commenced under Mr Ca-

rey, a pious young man, from Schoharrie, New York, who visited these tribes, and offered to become their instructor, without any prospect of pecuniary reward. This, Brethren, is the true missionary spirit. The Indians listened to his proposals; some were favorable, others not. But he commenced his School, though under very unauspicious circumstances. The Indians here were neither Pagan, nor Christian; but had a corrupt mixture of Paganism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism. But their notions of religion and morals were exceedingly sensual and corrupt. This station has labored under as many difficulties, perhaps, as any other, but still it has struggled through every impediment, and is now in a flourishing condition. One of the principal laborers in this part of the field, has been brother Thomas Hurlburt, who suffered almost every privation, and endured almost every trial in endeavoring to bring this people into the pure light of Christianity. He is still in the field, has learned their language, and preaches to them readily in their own tongue. Oh! what a noble example to see a young man in the bloom of life, foregoing the pleasures of civilized society, burying himself in the wilds of the forest; becoming a companion of the untutored savage; sharing in all the toils, and sufferings of the homeless wanderer of the woods; and facing the storm and the

tempest, without a shelter, and frequently without food, to carry the bread of life to souls that are perishing!

This year (1825) Elder Case, who had been very active in the Missionary cause, was removed to the Bay of Quinty District; but on his way from Conference, he visited the Mississaugahs, who had embraced Christianity, and were then encamped at the Credit, and found them still eager to hear the "word of life." He preached to them in their "bush chapel" which they erected, as a place in which to worship. It was made of tall bushes standing erect in a circular form; the large end made fast in the ground, and the tops bending nearly together over head; and seated with broken fragments of boards gathered from the river. It was indeed, a rude building, but then it was a *bethel.* And how often I have felt in a similar one, as Jacob did, when he said "Surely this is the house of God, and the Gate of Heaven." "After an affectionate parting," says Elder Case, "in which we took each other by the hand, and mutually promised to pray for each other, I left the ground with many pleasing reflections on the happy changes the Lord had wrought among this people." Peter Jones was left to labor among his brethren here. Encouraged by Government, this tribe settled at the Credit, twenty miles from Toronto; where twenty houses

were erected for them, at the expense of the Government. School was commenced among them; and they now began to apply themselves to agriculture and the arts of civilization. And it is surprising what rapid improvement, they have made in this respect. It is hardly credible by one who has not been an eye witness of the facts. But Mr. Case, though removed from the field where he had labored with so much pleasure and success, was by no means indifferent to the cause. "He began" (to use his own language, as near as I can recollect it,) "to feel the loss of the Indian meetings, and his incessant prayer was, that the Lord would begin a work among the Indians, on the frontiers of his District." For this he prayed and wept, and it was not in vain. The reformation commenced among the Belville Indians, in number about 130, an so completely was the kingdom of satan overturned, that not a servant was left to go and tell the news. This tribe settled on Grape Island, where they erected dwellings for themselves, a Missionary house, School House and Chapel, in a manner which showed that Christianity was calculated not only to elevate the moral character, but to improve the taste, and the industrious habits of the people. This has been one of the most flourishing of the Canadian Missions. It was for some years under the special direction of Elder Case. The teacher

who first commenced a School at this station, was Mr. Berham—a man whose zeal and piety gave him great influence among the natives, and who has since been eminently useful in enlarging the field of labor, and in establishing a Mission School on Seegung river, on the borders of Lake Huron. The Grape Island station, is now under the care of Mr. Sylvester Hurlbut, a man in every way qualified to be useful there; a man of deep experience, of undeviating perseverance, of inflexible sternness, of unimpeachable integrity, and of prompt, resolute action. He has been there for four years past. From the Belville Indians, the work spread to those about Kingston; then to the north west, among the tribes on the Rice, Mud and Schoogog Lakes. And oh! what a change! It was now that the valley of the dry bones was visited, and the spirit of God breathed upon the bones, and they lived; and an exceeding great army was raised up from those who were "twice dead and plucked up by the roots." Along these shores, and through the forests, which hitherto had echoed only with the wild wolf's howl, or the savage Indians' bachanalian yell, were now heard the plaintive tones of penitential prayer, and the sweet melodies of Zion's songs. The silence of the Sabbath, which had often been disturbed by the roar of the musket, or the discordant cries of the war dance, was now

broken only by the solemn voice of Divine worship.

A trader lived near my Father's, and there the Indians were accustomed to resort to obtain spirits, to squander their furs and their blankets, and to enjoy their drunken revels. This fall (1827) they had been after their presents, which they receive annually from Government. A company of them had returned, and as my father saw the fires of their tents shining upon the woods at a distance, he remarked, "They have come, and are now waiting for liquor, that they have a pow-wow"—i. e. a drunken revel. "There," said he, "they are beginning to dance," as he heard a sound from the encampment. "But hark! it is the voice of singing!" It was—it was Mear—a Christian psalm tune. Astonishment seized every mind, for as yet we had heard but a little of the great work among the tribes at a distance. We repaired to the camp. They were engaged in low, solemn, fervent prayer. It was the first time we ever heard an Indian pray. We saw, and heard, and wept. After their devotions, we saluted them with a warm shake of the hand. The next day, (Sunday) they met in my Father's barn! Oh! it was a delightful sight! Such neatness, such modesty, such decorum, such devotion! They were truly "created anew!" From that day my heart became more and more

attached to the Indians, although I had always loved them. After their conversion, they became more industrious, more cleanly, more prudent. They assumed a decision and independance of character, that never was visible before; and with scarcely an exception, they resisted every inducement to strong drink, which had ever been their besetting sin. It was in this year that the misson was established at Rice Lake, under the care of Miss Barnes, now Mrs. Case, and Mr Biggar, a very pious young man. Miss Barnes was a lady from New England, who devoted herself with great zeal to the missionary cause, and who counted no sacrifice which she should make in that work *great.* She has labored and suffered and accomplished much, and doubtless great will be her reward.

The Rice Lake Mission is now, and ever has been one of the most promising. Among the others who have labored there, perhaps none have been more useful than James Evans. Both he and Mrs. Evans are peculiarly fitted for the Missionary field: for while they are eminently pious, they never indulge in that Pharisaic sullenness which too often injures piety; but affable, social and familiar, they secured the affection and friendship of the natives, and especially of the children, and thus led them on by the cords of love, to every duty that was

required of them. Although Mr. Evans' health was very feeble, yet he had a resolution of mind which I never saw equalled. No danger could daunt, no misfortune dishearten him. With a heart the most sensitive, he never yielded to evil forebodings in the hour of perplexity. His confidence in God was ever unshaken. He has learned the Indian language, translated some part of the Bible into it, and has now consecrated himself and family to that blessed work. Would to God that many such men might go forth from this Lyceum!

This same year the work broke out among the Indians on Lake Simcoe, and of a tribe consisting of about 200, scarcely one remained unconverted to Christianity. In (1828) the mission was opened among the Indians of Schoogog and Mud Lake, and there I commenced my labors, as a missionary teacher. For one year I was alone, my labors were hard, my health feeble, but a happier year I never expect to see. The next year a female school was opened at the same place; and although there were many difficulties to be encountered, yet the mission prospered. More rapid improvement I have seldom seen among children of the whites, than among the Indian children. They are sprightly, witty, and penetrating, and particularly docile. Even most of the full grown Indians have learned to read quite well in the Sabbath School.

The same year a school was opened on Snake Island, and another on Yellow Head; the former by Mr. Law, whose privations, and sufferings, and labors, will long be remembered by the natives who shared in the benefits of his toils. Fancy to yourselves, a person educated in polite society, separated far from civilization on a small island, sleeping on the cold ground, sheltered only by some temporary barks, living on the coarse, scanty, and often uncertain diet of the Indian; buffeting the storms and tempest, with no one to sympathise with him —no one to console him in the hour of distress; and you will have some idea of the external solitude and loneliness of brother Law; and indeed of all missionaries, who enter the field at the opening of a mission, and enter it alone. These missions on Lake Simcoe, are still places whence light is radiating to the dark places which lie beyond.

In 1828 or 9, a work commenced among the Mohawks on the Bay of Quinty, in which about one hundred and twenty were converted to living, practical christianity. They had had "a name to live," i. e. they had belonged to the established church, but "they were dead in trespasses and sins,"—given to drunkeness, profanity and crime. Many threatenings were resorted to, for preventing these from becoming Methodists. They were told that the privilege would be denied them of meeting

in the church which had been built for their accommodation; and that their presents would be withheld by government, and then that they would have to look for assistance from whence they derived their *religion*, meaning that their religion came from the Methodists, who were Yankees. The chief coldly replied; "I expect to do so: I get my religion from heaven; I look dare for assistance." A school was not commenced here until the spring of 1831, when I was sent there from Rice Lake, where I had been laboring the year before. I found the Indians somewhat scattered, and some of them grown cold from long neglect. They were, however, anxious for a school and anxious for instruction; and they hailed my arrival with joy. I soon had a crowded school and a school of as naturally intelligent and sprightly youth and children as I ever saw. The chief, with whom I lived, was one of the most interesting men that I ever knew. He was aged, and spoke English but poorly; but he had been in many scenes, and he could paint them all to the life. He had read nature and read man; and was consequently a philosopher, though no scholar. But above all, he was a humble christian. Among this tribe I found some of the most pious and devoted persons that I ever knew. And while memory lasts I shall often reflect on the affecting scene of

parting with that people;—a scene which to me was fraught with unutterable interest; —a scene which closed up three years and a half of the happiest—perhaps the most profitable—though most laborious and cross-bearing part of my life. And let me here say that where the Indians have become pious they are as kind, affectionate, and hospitable a people as I ever saw. Their hearts are ever open, and their bosoms throb with as generous sentiments as those of a lighter hue. I ought to say, that when I was there, there was in another part of this tribe a young clergyman of the English Church, who was laboring incessantly for the good of that people. He was a gentleman, a christian, and a philanthropist; and I have no doubt but his labors were the means of much good. Indeed a very visible change followed his labors. His name was Givins, a young man of rare accomplishments in science, as well as religion. I could but wish that every branch of the church had more such men!

In 1830, John Sunday, Paul, and others, made a tour to the west, to Mackinaw, of which a detailed account was published in Sunday's journal. But I have not time to dwell on any points here. The journal abounds with interesting incidents. They found many of the western tribes favorably disposed, and their labors were blessed in the con-

version of a good number. In 1831, he made another tour to the northwest, which was also greatly blessed. To a Roman Catholic female, who said that her minister told her that the devil assisted those who had become converted; Sunday replied, "then the devil must have become religious!" Every year since 1831, some of the converted Indians have visited the far west, and they have now carried the gospel to the shores of the Superior. In one of Peter Jones' visits to the west the chief, in objecting to christianity, reasoned thus, in a long speech in reply to Peter. "1st, The white man has christian religion, but he is dishonest, he will lie and cheat as bad as the Indian. What good then for Indian to become christian? 2, The Great Spirit knows what is best for all his children; he gave the white man a religion in a book, but he gave the Indian no book; therefore it is not good for the Indian to have book, else the Great Spirit would have given him. 3, My forefathers all gone away to the sun setting, where all Indians go when they die. Now if I embrace christian religion, I shall go up above with the white man, and then the Great Spirit will say: 'this no place for you; you are Indian; you must go back where your forefathers gone; then said he, I should be very shamed," Thus reasons the Indian. But still he is always ready to hear and to be convinced.

In the last reports which I have been able to refer to, it is stated that there were ten stations and eighteen hundred and fifty under religious instruction. But the number is now considerably larger. Other stations have been established, and other tribes gathered in. A few general remarks, and I am done.

1st, These missions exhibit the happy influence of the gospel on the social state of man. The females are now respected and the same sanctity thrown around her character, that there is among us. Husbands are kind, wives are affectionate, and children respectful. They are industrious, cleanly, and provident. 2, These missions show the efficacy of Christ crucified to reform the moral man. For all the preaching of mere morality could never have induced the Indian to abandon his bowl; but now he would as soon take liquid arsenic, as spirituous liquors! 3d, These Indians are remarkably regular in their habits; they are never absent from their social meetings; they never neglect domestic worship, and they always meet for prayer meeting at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, and they are there. Would that our white folks would go and do likewise! 4, They pray much in secret. Sister Evans asked a small boy in the children's class meeting, how often he prayed in secret; "eight times a day" said he. She questioned him a little.

"Yes," said the boy, "I go eight times every day to yonder log and pray alone." This boy had been taught by his mother, a widow, to pray in secret. Daily she took her two little sons, and went to the woods and implored heaven's blessings on them. How few such mothers are there? But her prayers were not in vain. This boy never departed from truth; he always spoke the truth frankly and without disguise, even though it seemed to his disadvantage. 5, These missions have every prospect of continuing. They have never declined. And whenever an Indian is converted he becomes a missionary. And now, there are not only some of the most persevering, substantial men I ever knew, of whites devoted to that work, but there is a large number of the natives whose souls are in the work; whose hearts are panting for the return of the wanderers of the west, and who have scarcely any desire but the salvation of their lost brethren. There is Peter Jones, a man of profound judgment, great prudence, and ardent piety; and there is John Sunday, a thrilling orator, a devout, holy man; indeed he is a host. And then there are many others who have devoted themselves solely to this cause. And what is best of all, the 'Lord is with them,' and with all these means we expect the tide will roll onward, until the entire northwestern wilds, shall become the kingdom of

Christ; and the voice of the missionary to the north west shall echo to the voice of a Lee, or his successor, from beyond the Rocky Mountains."

If it should seem to the reader that in the following paper, there is something of a spirit of dictation to superiors, or a disposition to criticise the conduct of the authorities of the church, this impression will be entirely removed, by remembering that the paper was read to a company of young men who have the ministry in view, and were solicitous of improvement. It is, therefore, to be regarded as an interchange of opinion among themselves for their mutual benefit. Surely nothing could be a more profitable exercise. The judicious reader will be pleased to see that our excellent young friend recommended no experiments in religion; no wild expedients. His aim was "not to mend our rules, but to keep them," relying upon their vigorous enforcement to secure the contemplated object.

By what means can Scriptural Holiness best be promoted in the M. E. Church.

Difficult as the solution of this question might at first appear, I apprehend it is to be found comprised in this short sentence, to revive and enforce the entire letter and spirit of our discipline. I say to *revive*, for it is to be feared that some portions of this admirable code have already lost their vitality.

I am not, however, aware of any serious declension from the spirituality and piety of the devoted founder of our church. But the history of other churches—yea and some features in modern Methodism, admonish us of the possibility of retaining the form of godliness while destitute of its power. If then the friends of our Zion would preserve and perpetuate her in her native purity, and original vigor, they must be careful to repair the slightest corrodings of decay, and to rectify the feeblest symptoms of disease. And as holiness is the universal and supreme restorative; the 'elixer of life' in the moral and spiritual world, it should ever be the first—last—speediest resort. For the attainment of *this*, our discipline affords the most ample means. But, still adhering to our first proposition, it may be necessary to view it under several distinct divisions.

1st. The church must preserve a spiritual and unblemished ministry. For although their preaching may be rich in evangelical truth, and may delineate in heaven's own pencilings, the purity and the rigor of the law, the fullness and sufficiency of the gospel, and the imperious requirements of both, yet without eminent holiness among the clergy, it will be sought for in vain among the laity. They will sarcastically, but justly reply, "physician heal thyself," and then, "as if the preacher

had rehearsed an idle tale," will mingle in the gaiety, and mirth, and folly of the giddy throng! To be efficient in staying the tide of iniquity, and in elevating to its proper height the standard of moral purity, the preacher must 'shine forth as a light in the world;' his life must be unblemished piety, and to the 'wisdom of the serpent' he must add the innocence and meekness 'of the dove.' such a ministry should be preserved, and *such* the economy of the M. E. Church is designed to preserve. 1st, The candidate must be recommended by the class of which he is a member, in order to pass the threshold to the sacred office. 2dly, When he has been tried and proved as an exhorter, he must receive the approbation of the Quarterly Conference, before he can be advanced to the office of local preacher. 3dly, It can only be through the approval of the Quartely Conference that he can gain any approach to the Annual Conference. And 4thly, the Annual Conference have it in their power after all these preliminary steps, previous trials and examinations, to exclude forever from their body all who do not bear the signet ring of heaven—the moral impress and likeness of our great high priest. If these several bodies then but discharge their trust faithfully, moral pollution can never find admittance to our sacred altars. But no part of discipline must become a dead letter;

there must be no softening down or explaining away terms; the 'desiring of *nothing* but God:' the being 'moved by the Holy Ghost,' and 'the going on to perfection,' must be no unmeaning phraseology; no *merely* established form; they must have their full and legitimate import, and be solemnly pressed on the conscience, and be attested and exemplified in the uniform and active exercise of all the meek and unobtrusive graces of the christian character. Then will our clergymen be pre-eminent alike in the purity of their lives, and the sacredness of their office. Then may we hope to see the mild virtues of the private christian, ripening in the minister of the altar, into the mature finish of superior evangelical holiness. Then will the fires that have glowed in the private bosom with intense and undying ardor, burst forth in the public duties of the sanctuary into the pure flame of heaven resembling, sin consuming, and soul refining love. Then will the preacher say to his people, 'follow me as I follow Christ;' and being

> "Armed himself in panoply complete
> Of heavenly temper, will furnish with arms
> Bright as his own, and train by every rule
> Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
> The sacramental hosts of God's elect."

But 2dly. The nature and extent of holiness must be clearly understood and imperiously enjoined. It is not enough that the preacher himself be spotless; he must also be required to preach the gospel in its fulness; to insist upon a cleansing "*from all sin;*" to exhibit in its true light the nature of that inward purity, which is an emblem of the holiness of God. The Conferences must see to it that every preacher does this; that he places the standard of piety where the scripture places it, in the 'cleanness of the heart and the rectitude of the spirit.' Oh! if this subject were viewed in the light of eternity; if christians could have but one faint glimpse of the infinite glory of God's moral perfections, what cause would they see for humiliation and abasement; surely they would say 'all our righteousnesses are but as filthy rags!' Low and degraded views of holiness will generate fanaticism. Oh! how many by mistaking a transient thrill of joy, or a happy state of excited emotion, for the sanctification of their entire natures, have brought reproach upon the cause of Christ. Let then our preachers be required to dwell on this point, until it is clearly understood by *all* that holiness consists not merely in emotion, but in sentiment; not merely in passion, but in principle; not merely in peri-periodic enjoyments, but in a constant conformity to the divine likeness. But the preacher must be

required to go further, and not only correct public sentiment in relation to the nature of true holiness, but urge it on all the members of the church as an indispensible attainment; as something that they *may* and *must* enjoy here; as that which the law of God imperiously demands, and the gospel of Christ abundantly bestows. Nor must he confine those instructions to the pulpit; he must 'go from house to house,' and in the true spirit of his master, with the law of kindness on his lips 'support the weak, establish the wavering, bind up the broken hearted,' and by his example, and exhortations, and friendly counsels cheer on the friends of Zion to 'perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.' For all this our discipline makes provision, but if it were fully and faithfully executed would not the character of our piety be materially changed? Would there be so little of the deep, ardent, uniform devotion among us? By pursuing such a course, might not our preachers, breathe into the church a spirit that would give vitality and energy to her every member? By the consistency of their lives, the purity of their doctrines, the ardor of their devotions, the meekness of their tempers, and the vigor of their actions, they may throw around religion such a divine charm, may render it so inviting and lovely, as almost to lure the people of their charge to the same high and holy standard, by

which they regulate their own lives. Oh! that the preachers of our church would emulate the character of the indefatigable Wesley;—nay, more, would catch the flame that animated and fired the great apostle of the Gentiles; or, to go farther still, would imbibe the spirit, and imitate the virtues, and receive the falling mantle of the Divine Redeemer?

3dly, The resources of the church, should be called into active exercise. 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." In no sense is this more fully verified than in religion. No talent must be permitted to slumber. No member should be left unemployed in the great work of diffusing holiness. Nor should mental and moral influence alone be enlisted, but all the pecuniary aid also, which the church can master, should be made to contribute to this sacred purpose. By thus enlisting talents, influence and wealth in the cause of God, the mind is turned off from the vanities of life; the seal is drawn away by an opposite influence, from the tide of fashion and the whirlpool of dissipation; a sense of responsibility is generated; a feeling of personal and individual interest is awakened, the moral condition of the world, and the wants of the church are called up in bold relief before the mind, the heart becomes affected, christian sensibility aroused; and the emotions which otherwise might become stagnant, flow out in the abundant, refresh-

ing, and healthful streams of philanthropy and love. Nothing can be more pernicious than to suffer inactivity among the members of the church, for if their labors are not required, they fondly fancy that there is nothing to be done; but where their every energy is put forth, and all around is in vigorous and active excercise, they then become sensible how numerous are the wants, and how urgent are the demands of the moral world upon their charity and benevolence. It is only when they see what is done to counteract the evils of sin, that they feel its turpitude, and only when they are devoting their all to God, that they are conscious of not being their own, and of being bought with a price; and consequently of being obligated to glorify God in their bodies and spirits, which are his. Our motto should therefore be 'to be *all* at it and always at it.'

4thly, The peculiarities of our system should be tenaciously observed; not as a new form, but as heart searching, and conscience enlivening means of grace. I refer to the class meeting, and band meetings, and love feasts, &c. These were originally designed to be seasons of close, critical, and impartial examination of the heart. Is is *here* that without fear of injury, the bosom may be laid open; the thoughts subjected to scrutiny, the principles analysed, and the entire soul dissected so as to exhibit all its moral features to view. May our

class leaders then ever be men deeply skilled in the things of God; men who feel the responsibility of their office, and who will never fail to urge on their members the absolute necessity of an entire renewal of the soul after the image of God!

I have thus sketched a few scattered thoughts on this important subject, but as you see have recommended no 'new measures,' for I am one of those who believe in adhering strictly to 'the old paths.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Amherst—Journal by the way—Commencement of 1836.

We pass over an interval of a few months in the life of Mr. Hurd, and shall place ourselves in his company while, according to a promise formerly made, he paid a visit to his friend Mr. Caldwell, at Amherst. The confinement, and arduous labors, and consequent exhaustion of a severe term, had made such a relaxation necessary to a recruiting of his wasted energies. He accordingly availed himself of the summer vacation of this year, (1835,) to redeem his pledge.

While on his journey, he made sundry "pencillings by the way," from which we make the following selections.

Journal.

July 16, Left College, (Middletown,) at 6 o'clock A. M. on board the steamboat Lexington. Was introduced to the Reverend Mr M., found him a very social, intelligent man. Met Mrs. H. and other friends on board. Arrived in Hartford, at half past eight. Breakfasted, and read newspapers awhile. Found in a paper the following lines on

NIAGARA FALLS.

"Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
"Nor with his vain aspirings hither come.
"That voice impels these hollow sounding floods,
"And like a presence fills the distant woods.
"These groaning rocks th' Almighty's finger piled,
"For ages here his painted bow has smiled,
"Mocking the changes and the chance of time,
"Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime."

Took stage from Hartford about eleven o'clock. Had fine company, a cheerful breeze, a cool air, and a pleasant route. The country is fine. At 3 o'clock P. M. arrived at Springfield. This is the most beautiful place I have seen in New England. The New England Conference is sitting

here, I went to the churches, and was happily surprised to meet brothers E. Evans, J. Ryerson, and Lang from Canada. They expressed warm disapprobation of the innovations admitted among Methodists here, in their manners &c., "Preserve the old land marks," say they. Amen! I respond. Had an introduction to Captain Stetson, and a pleasant interview. The day has been a happy one. Bless the Lord! Was invited by Mr. Stebbins, one of our stage company, to call on him at the foot of State and Main steets. At ten o'clock I seek my rest.

Sunday 17, Rose early. Read an hour in Dick's Future State. Read again Professor H's sermon on the death of Baily. * * * * Started for church. How calm and delightful the scene! Not a hoof chattered along the street. No noisy crowds on the pavements. The morning sunbeams fell with the mild radiance of his half concealed glories upon the white houses, that emerged in all directions from the forest trees which shaded the streets. The breeze circulated gently along the broad and beatiful streets, for which the place is so remarkable. The dark chesnut threw its thick shade along the way; the elm waved its wide spreading branches in the sun; the poplar's leaf trembled with the ruffling breeze, and the slender tress-like twigs of the willow were suspended in

all the mournful likeness of tender grief. The murmuring little rill, and the bubbling fountain, joined with the sweet warbling of the birds, and all blended with the plaintive tones of the Sabbath bells which came trembling on the quiet air, seemed like the music of heaven to the soul. There was a delicious fragrance that breathed from many of the gardens; and before the eye was spread out the rich valley of the Connecticut, with its verdant meadows and smiling fields, and waving woods, and the still bosom of its silvery streams. Oh! it was a goodly prospect! Long may I remember the feast of beauty of this morning! Springfield shall long blend in my fancy with the images of whatever is lovely. Church was much crowded Dr. Bangs preached. Sermon was good. Afternoon, President Olin preached. He was feeble in body; but mighty in spirit. There was much weeping. The power of God was manifest. Many felt his preaching like an arrow in the soul. May he long live to bless the church. Head of the church! Send us more such men, "full of power and of the Holy Ghost!" In the evening went to missionary meeting. Dr. Bangs, brothers Evans, Lang and others addressed the meeting. It was the best missionary meeting I ever was at. It does the heart good to attend such. May this day long be remembered with joy!

Monday 18, A beautiful morning. Visited the arsenal and armory. Nearly 60,000 muskets stacked in one building, all ready to destroy human life, present a formidable appearance. The machinery connected with the armory is well worth seeing. The wonderful division of labor speaks well for the advancement of the arts. In the afternoon, called on Mr Stebbins. Had a pleasant interview with him and his sister. We went on top of Dr. Osgood's church steeple, and viewed the town. The view is splendid. Attended preaching. Mr Haschal preached. Had a good degree of the spirit. Conference then had a session, and a valuable report was read by Mr Stevens, of Boston, on education. Some debating took place. All was in good feeling. Called at Mr B's. Took tea and had an agreeable time. In the evening went to the meeting for the Missionary Education Society. Brothers Horton, Dr. Bangs, Coles, and Evans addressed the meeting. A large collection was taken up, (made). The ladies were among the most liberal. So they are always. But I think the ladies of Springfield peculiarly amiable and excellent.

19th, Very warm. Parted with the Canada brethren. Had some pleasant company in the stage, though not so agreeable as from Hartford to Springfield. A Miss H. seemed a perfect lady.

Most of the company were interested only in what related to mercantile or money making business. We passed through Cabbotsville, a place noted only for its manufactures. The land for several miles was very poor; a light sandy soil. South Hadley looked to me like a filthy place. The stage stopped with us at a dirty huckster's shop. Old Hadley is pleasant, Five o'clock brought us to Amherst. This place is fine. 1st, The *dinner* was fine. 2d, The location is fine. It is a swelling height which overlooks a wide extent of country, of smiling fields and shady groves. 3d, The prospect is fine. The rich valley of the Connecticut presents to the eye of the beholder, a wide extent of beauty and verdure. Mt. Tom and Holyoke rear up their lofty battlements in plain sight. But what renders Amherst beautiful to me is, I here find my quondam chum, my best friend, Caldwell. Long have I desired to meet with him. Heaven has now favored my wishes. I find him unchanged; the ardent, ingenuous friend.

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20th, The day passed with nothing of much interest. In the evening, I attended the Ath. Society. I was disappointed in hearing no debate on

a literary question. There was a warm debate on some important business. Much feeling and some talent was elicited. The essays and discussions were rather dull, though some exhibited a good deal of talent. The critique I did not admire. It was bombastic. The reader's deportment was very excellent. Much wit was displayed in the translations and in the commencement exercises.

21st, Chum Caldwell and I sat out for Mt. Holyoke. Expected Mr Stebbins and friends from Springfield there. Was disappointed in this. We climbed the mountain "with many a weary step and many a groan." But it was too foggy for a good view. After a time, the wind blew up and the fog disappeared. The prospect is very grand. The people below looked like pigmies. Away to the west, at eighty miles distance is seen the blue tops of the Alleghany. To the south, the river is seen winding its varying courses, now leaving the banks of a verdant meadow, now washing the rocky and shaggy cliff, and then sinking into, or emerging from, a dark grove of waving trees, till at twenty-five miles away, it looks like a sea of quicksilver glittering in the sun. To the north is seen Amherst and Old Hadley, and some other towns of interest. Twenty-five or twenty-six steeples may be distinctly seen here. The eye at one glance, takes in a circle of country one hundred

and sixty miles in diameter—a country peculiarly picturesque and beautiful, variegated with high and long ranges of mountains, besprinkled with wild and romantic hills of smaller size, with numerous sloping side lands, rich valleys and dark ravines, to which are added all the beauties and improvements of art. Among the towns which serve to enliven and embellish this picture, may be mentioned Middletown, Hartford, Springfield, Northampton, Amherst and Hadley. We returned and visited Titan's Piers so called; a place in the river between Mounts Tom and Holyoke. Here are the fragments of perfect hexagonal pillars of very large dimentions, which seem to have been broken off by some tremendous force at some former period of the world. On the height of Holyoke there are many furrows in the rocks, indicating some mighty deluge. We visited Hadley Academy, and spent some time with the teachers, Messsrs. Cheesbro and Sterne. Took tea with them. They are social, friendly young gentlemen. Here I again met with Miss H. Returning to Amherst. Had a severe rain.

22d, The rain is over, and the day smiles upon us in renewed loveliness. The clouds were moving off along the hills, and the sun threw his beams upon the fields, bright with a thousand hues reflected from the reviving drops that sparkled on

the herbage. After breakfast, I walked out. Then returned and read in Mr Reed's visit to the churches for an hour or two. His descriptions of scenery are equal to any thing I have seen. He never tires. In the hand of such a master, American scenery is not likely to be degraded. At eleven, I rambled out alone for several miles. The country in some places was rich. The houses were scattered. I fell upon a wide plain of whortleberries and winter green. I diverted myself here for a while in plucking and eating those simple but delicate luxuries of nature. I became wearied and wandered to a strange house to seek some dinner. And what a feast! The woman was washing, and of course all in the *suds*. The man had just seated himself alone at the table. In one corner of the dining room, or bed room if you please, was a bed, which from being tumbled and open, seemed to have just lost its occupant. Old clothes stuffed into the windows, and old hats and bonnets and shoes strewed about the floor, shewed that that they were not deficient in any articles of dress. The dish kettle in one corner dripping with grease, and the frying pan in the other, and a pot of potatoes in the midst, with a wash tub a little in the back ground, teeming with, and surrounded by unwashed linen, served to embellish the picture. But the table interested me most. In the midst was a platter of fish, half con-

sumed, on one end a huge pile of potatoe peelings, at one corner, a loaf of dark bread, almost as soft as paste, from not having been half baked; at another point, a dirty pitcher of water, and near it was placed a plate for me, with knife and fork that seemed to have been rusty for years. I drew myself to the table, forced a smile, asked questions, looked out of the door, talked of the crops, while my thoughts were busied elsewhere, set my teeth to doing their office upon the fish and potatoes. My repast finished, I gave the *lady* some change, thanked them heartily, and set out for Amherst. This is the way to see human nature! In the afternoon I went to Professor Hitchcock's lecture. In the evening met Professors Smith and Whedon, and attended them with Mr Caldwell, to mount Pleasant, and to Professor Condit's cottage. These are delightful places, retired, shady, elevated, and presenting a fine view at a distance.

23d. Called again on Professors Smith and Whedon. Went to Professor Condit's lecture. It was on the "Eloquence of the Passions." It was well written, and admirably delivered. Attended also Professor Snell's lecture. It was on the magic lantern, and the Camera Obscura. Attended a meeting of the Junior class. They display a good degree of wit and vivacity. Mr G. moved that "during the coming year, they stand to the

rack fodder or no fodder." Mr H. in amendment, moved that "all who stood to the rack, considered themselves asses!" Mr G. accepted the amendment as the surest way of securing the attendance of the gentleman, Mr H.!! They have a practice of clapping and stamping which I dislike. I think their conversation less improving, than among us. Their deportment in the Chapel, is more gentlemanly than ours.

Afternoon, I went with Messrs. Van L. and T. to Northampton. This place is situated on the west of the Connecticut, and presents a most lovely view of the valley in front. There is a greater variety of scenery than at Amherst. The groves, the fields, the trees &c. are more distinct and separate; not blended together as at Amherst. The town is very irregular, but in many parts very beautiful. Still I am less pleased with it than with Springfield. I visited the grave of the devoted Brainerd. He died young, but had accomplished much. Oh! there is a charm almost divine lingering around the tomb of such a man. I love his name the more because he loved the Indian. "May I die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like his."

24th, Sabbath. The New England Sabbath is peculiarly "the day of rest." It is quiet as the grave. I have felt its solemnity in a striking de-

gree to day. I was very much affected by a female voice singing at a distance. Nothing moves me like music, and no music like the sweet tones of the female voice. But it must be heard in solitude, when the heart is lonely, when the soul is tender, and a mild melancholy has spread itself o'er the feelings. It must be plaintive, and at a distance. Then the tender cords are moved, and the willing heart melts, and the rising fountain of nature's kindly emotions bubbles up to the head, and the soothing streams of tenderness flow with freedom.

Heard ——— preach twice to day. His sermons were plain, simple and instructive. He is easy and natural in his manner, but not forcible. I think him sound, but not brilliant. There is much matter in his discourses, but it is not applied to the conscience with a great deal of pathos or power. This evening, attended a meeting of the soeiety of inquiry, and heard two reports, one from Mr H., on the Tract Society; the other from Mr H—r, on the cause of seamen. Both were excellent. The style of the pieces indicated great refinement of taste. The first was peculiarly simple in language and expressions, but very touching and pathetic. The other had more studied elegance, but was equally natural and pleasing. They are as good as any thing I ever heard from students in College, I think. The day has been profitable and interes-

ting. May I not soon forget the scenes of this Sabbath!

25th, Was introduced to Messrs H., H—r, and others, with whom I was much interested. Attended a lecture on the solar microscope. The exhibitions were good.

26th, Called on several students and had agreeable visits with them. Think I should be much pleased with the society here. Caldwell has five fine fellows boarding with him at Mrs. W's.

27th, Attended Exhibition. Music was *very* good. Some pieces were excellent. Caldwell did best on the whole. Van L. did well, so did B. and S. A. T. But there was not the energy and eloquence that our College furnishes. In the evening attended a society meeting. There was much warm contention. Party spirit was high.

28th, Called on Mr. D. He seems a very fine frank fellow; also on H. He is a very lovely young man. Took me to the college library, and the library of the social unions. The college library is select, not large, six thousand volumes. The society libraries are good. Left for Brattleboro'. I shall long remember Mrs. W's kindness while in her family. And Mrs. M., with whom I took tea, is a very familiar lady. It was with feelings not easily expressed, that I took my leave of a place where I had spent some time with Caldwell,

in the most pleasant manner; had been introduced to some of the choice spirits of college, and had received the most marked instances of kindness from strangers. But Caldwell, my more than brother, how did my heart grieve to part with him! Oh! may Heaven bless and keep him for eminent usefulness in the Church!

From Amherst to Brattleboro' our ride was not very pleasant. Some of the way lies through a barren sandy plain, some of it overhung, intersected by lofty ranges of hills, and some of it lies along one of the most beautiful parts of the Connecticut valley. For several miles the scenery was wild and romantic. Perpendicularly beneath us, the silver stream glided along, and almost perpendicularly above us, the hill rose in beauty and grandeur. We arrived in Brattleboro' about eight o'clock; found an excellent supper and good accommodations. The stage house here is very fine.

29th, Left B. in the morning without having had much opportunity of seeing it. I think it a beautiful place. For several miles the road was quite level, after rising the hill out of the town. Then we began climbing the mountain. There were only a Mr. Baldwin and lady of Troy, besides myself, in the stage. The day was rainy, and we therefore had but a poor opportunity of viewing the scenery.

Sometimes we climbed for an hour upon the one continued steep of rocks, and pine; and we looked down on the one side from a dizzy precipice over sloping hills and ragged cliffs, and yawning ravines; and on the other, we looked up to the frowning heights where nature sat enthroned in solitude, and the dark rocks hung over us in fearful wildness. Then we were whirled along a pleasant road, where the hills rose up on either side in dark and majestic ridges, and stretched themselves for miles along our path, and broke away suddenly, opened to our view a wide and lovely valley, and presenting a large extent of gentle side land, and retiring to a distance, again heaving up its mighty hulk more dark and sublime than before. Then we were plunged down a long narrow passage, where the mountain brook murmured and warbled along the road, and the willow threw its branches in our faces, and the spruce, the pine, and the hemlock, bristling in thick array, or standing alone on the bleak cliff, rose over our heads in ever changing wildness, towering in heathery height to heaven. Sometimes the sleet and rain were driven with fury along the mountains, and the trees waved and quivered aud bent beneath the moving elements. Then a dark cloud rolled slowly along the distant hills and as the sun burst out from the opposite sky, and threw its bright ray upon the moving mass, it pre-

sented a picture the perfect resemblance of sullen wrath; and the brighter the rays of the sun, the more awful was its form. Again we saw the fog rising in different directions, and moving up the mountain's side in columns of white, that added much to the beauty of the scene. At length it collected in a mass, and as we looked at the mountain that spread out its broad base, and heaved up its dark sides, and hung out its frowning crags, and then hid its lofty head in a wreath of fog and smoke, we *felt* how much obscurity aided the sublime. It is among the wild scenes of nature alone, that the truly grand can be found. Let man heap up his gothic pile and rear his proud structure! What are they, after all, but mere toys compared with nature's magnificence *?*

On this mountain is a natural curiosity. You travel some distance beside a stream running due west, and then you suddenly find its course changed and it seems directly east; and as they appear to be the same stream meeting at that point, with no outlet, one of them seems to run up hill. Besides they seem to run into each other. But on the opposite side of an island they blend, and go off in an angle of ninety degrees. I arrived in Hoosic in the evening, and found my friends well.

30th, Visited Shaftsbury. Found all well.

Spent the day, and had a long religious conversation with uncle A. G.

31st, Returned to Hoosic. Heard elder Reach in the morning. His text was Heb. ix. 27, 28. He dwelt particularly on the second coming of Christ. In the afternoon, I spoke to the people from Psalm xl. 1, 2, 3. At five o'clock heard brother Smith from Acts xxiv. 25. It was a good sermon. May I profit by these things!

August 1st, Spent in writing.

2d, Set out for Schenectady. In Troy met Mr. B. He attended me to visit the most important places in Troy. It is a beautiful town. We arrived in S. about five and found all well.

3d, Went to Albany. Visited the museum. The most interesting sight to me was the panoramic view of the New York fire. It was splendid, awful, terrific. This museum I have visited before and it is well worth seeing again.

4th, Visited Union College; could see only the gardens. These are fine. We want such at Middletown very much.

5th, Returned to Hoosic after a pleasant visit of three days with uncle Lovewell.

6th, Visited Shaftsbury, and then went to Bennington. Called on brother Smith and spent a pleasant time with him and his interesting family. Was introduced to a good many christian friends.

7th, Went to class meeting in the morning. It was a profitable time. Preached in the forenoon for brother S. from Matt. i. 21. The congregation was large and attentive. Much good feeling was manifested. Bennington has a good Methodist society of about one hundred and ninety members, In the afternoon, heard Mr. H. of the Presbyterian church, from Rom. viii. 9. It was a close, practical sermon. The spirit of Christ was 1st, A spirit of love. 2d, Of meekness. 3d, Of gentleness. 4th, Of forgiveness. At five o'clock, I spoke at the same place by the request of Mr Herring, the pastor of the church. The text was Isa. ix. 10. The congregation was very attentive.

8th, Spent the day in reading. Went to a monthly concert of prayer in the evening. Enjoyed myself well.

9th, Read and conversed. In the evening preached from Rev. xxii. 21.

10th, Visited a part of Shaftsbury peculiar for its beauty. The landscape equals any thing I ever saw. Left Shaftsbury for Hoosic. Have been much pleased and edified in conversation with uncle G., whom I regret to leave. Was introduced to cousin L. B., am much pleased with her.

11th, Read, conversed and visited Mr I's. This is a delightful family. Of the young ladies, Miss D. alone was at home. She is a lovely girl. I returned home much gratified.

12th, This day was spent mostly with cousin, grandmother and aunt. Read and conversed during the forenoon, and visited elder Reach in the afternoon. I shall long remember the elder among my friends.

13th, Read and conversed with aunt. Then visited Messrs. M. and T. I—m. M. is intelligent good tempered, and companionable. T. is a rosy looking girl, and her temper is as sweet as her countenance. In the afteruon, called on Mrs. L. and her daughters. Was agreeably entertained. Also called on Mrs. C. G., and deacon G.

14th, Preached three times; twice for elder R. from Psalms. xvi. 21, and John xviii. 38. And once for brother Smith from Hebrews.——The people were attentive. May the Lord bless the word to their good! Brother Smith spent the night with me. We enjoyed a pleasant time.

15th, Parted from friends in Hoosic. It was a sorrowing time. O how heart rending to be severed perhaps to meet *no more!*

Here the diary ends. Mr. Hurd now returned to Middletown, and reached his place of destination a little prior to commencement, highly gratified with his excursion, and greatly recruited both in body and mind. He only waited for the commencement to pass away, and affairs settle down in-

to their regular order, to devote himself anew to his favorite pursuits.

The Commencement at the Wesleyan University of this year, was one of more than ordinary interest. The graduating class was the largest that had been sent forth by this young institution, as well as one of unusual brilliancy and power. The concourse of spectators was uncommonly large, the weather was delightful, and no untoward event occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Many hearts that day were throbbing with bouyant hopes, or realized expectation, or the fruition of desire, or the elation of success; while the emotions of the heart were still further awakened by the animating strains of music, and the voice of prayer and praise to the Infinite Intelligence. It was an exhilirating scene, and especially so, as marking the growth of a yet infant institution. No wonder that the subject of our memoir should have been deeply interested, or that he should speak of it with enthusiasm.

We extract the following from a letter to his good friend Mr. Allen. Where so many acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their instructors, and, if we may judge from the interest manifested, to that of the audience also, it might seem almost invidious to particularize an individual. Yet we apprehend no one will object to the following re-

marks on the speaker of the oration entitled "The Past, the Present and the Future, with the Valedictory addresses." The letter is dated August 25, 1836.

"Commencement is just over, and we are all moving, arranging. and overturning, so that I can scarcely hear myself think. The performances were excellent. Only one prominent fault—many spoke *too low.* But in point of literary merit it very far surpassed that of last year. I think B. is a splendid fellow. He sweeps the cords of the human heart with a wizzard hand. Oh! with what a pencil he touches the minutest shadings of his picture! Never did I see a mind that could so clothe vacancy in beauty as can his. As he stood on the imperceptible point, "the present," and then threw back his searching eye through the dark ocean of the "past," and presented it gilded with memory of joys since dead; and then reached forth the lamp of his genius into the chilling darkness of the "future," and hung out the bow of hope on its obscure front, the audience were spell bound, the heart almost forgot to beat, and the very pulse of life seemed *still.* That was a moment sacred to Apollo. A whisper then would have been sacrilege. But when he came to the last moving moment, he touched the thrilling events of College, the faithful instruction, the pious prayers, and kind admonitions of the Professors;

when he paid a short, but melting tribute to the lamented Bailey,* and uttered as far as the sacredness of the feelings would permit, the ardor of their fraternal love—and finally bade his class-mates farewell;—it was enough. The audience yielded, and the generous tear stole down many a manly cheek. And now, Allen, is it wrong? I want to equal B. But I cannot!"

Two points of character are exhibited in the closing observations;—his watchfluness againt improper ambition, and his willingness to concede superiority to others.

CHAPTER XV.

Premonitions of death—excessive labor—his piety.

We are now approachiug rapidly the close of our departed friend's career. But little remains after this, but painful incidents, the sad occasions of sorrowing yet not unsalutary reflections. To ob-

* A young gentleman of great promise who died out of this class in the course of the year.

serve what reason would call the needless waste of such a life; to mark the causes which exhausted his vital energies; and above all to stand by the couch of expiring genius, and witness the last flickerings of its flame, as death was drawing the pall of darkness around it, is an employment acutely painful, and sad indeed would be our emotions, were not the scene lit up with the glorious brightness of the christian hope. Yet when we take the lamp of life in our hand, and throw its vivid flashes upon the last prison-house of mortality, by its light we read the glowing declaration of sacred truth, "Death is swallowed up of life." "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" For unto us God hath given the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. The firm conviction that he "sleeps in Jesus," throws a radiance about the place of his repose, and invests it with hallowing interest to the pious heart. To him death was not the frustration of hopes, but their fruition; not the end of joys, but the commencement of immortality; for to him the tomb was

"No more the limit, but the gate of life."

We have already seen that Mr Hurd lived under an abiding impression,

"That length of days was not a gift for him."

In pursuing his education, he "walked by faith, and

not by sight," and "in hope believed against hope." He believed it was right to consult present duty, and not be turned aside by future contingencies; for he that does nothing in which there is a possibility of failure will leave every thing undone. "He that observeth the wind, shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds, shall not reap." He believed that the prospect of increased usefulness, should he be successful, was worth the risk, and the pleasure and profit of his labors, were more than a present equivalent; and on the other hand, should he fall in the conscientious discharge of what he believed to be his duty, a glorious recompense awaited him in the skies.

That such were his impressions may be gathered from what has already been related; but is confirmed by the following incident, communicated by his friend and room mate in the University.

"Soon after we entered the University, we were walking one day on the banks of the river. He was speaking of the difficulties he had encountered in the pursuit of his education, and of the goodness of God in bringing him thus far towards the accomplishment of his desires. After alluding to the feebleness of his constitution, in his own peculiarly emphatic manner he remarked, 'after all, I think it is very probable that I shall lay my body down on the cold banks of the Connecticut!' The

manner in which he spoke this was such that I should never have forgotten it, even had that mournful intimation of the future never had been fulfilled."

With these intimations of the brittleness of his life, we may be disposed to wonder that he did not lighten the burden which he imposed upon it. But so intense was his thirst for knowledge, so benevolent his compliance with the demands of others, so irrepressible his zeal in the cause of the Redeemer, that he continued to assume burden upon burden until his overtasked powers sank beneath the load. Yet he maintained to the last some hope that he should survive the struggle, and go forth furnished for extensive usefulness in the church of God. Vain hope! And yet was it not in perfect accordance with that facility with which we believe what harmonizes with our desires? And do not thousands daily believe and act, when, in the estimation of others, belief is folly, and pursuit is madness? Such are the self-impositions to which human nature has been ever liable. And who will say, where the intention is virtuous, how far these things are, in the judgment of the searcher of Hearts, imputed to men for sins? And how far are such hallucinations of the mind permited by the great disposer of events, to bring forward those ends which his infinite wisdom sees to be best? We may in-

deed regret the intervening agencies in calamitious events, especially where we may suppose that human sagacity might have avoided them; but after all we cannot tell but that they may have been the very means selected, or at least permitted, for the accomlishment of the the Divine purposes. Let us, then, learn that where reason is silent, faith may still adore.

The following extract from a letter written a few weeks after the opening of this term, will exhibit the nature and multiplicity of his occupations.

Wesleyan University, Sept. 26, 1836.

My dear Parents and Friends:

I am ashamed of having neglected you so long. I have no excuse, but that of press of business. And now, that you may judge whether that will excuse me, I will just give you a sketch of the routine of my labors. I have four regular studies, one in mental Philosophy, one in Natural Philosophy, one in German, and one in Hebrew. Then I am a member of three societies. One Literary, one Natural History, and one Missionary Society. For the first, I had to write an Oration this term, besides the debates and other duties of the society. Of the second, being President, I have to write a thesis for it on Natural History. Being corresponding secretary of the third, I have to receive

letters from every part of the missionary world, and answer them, and also to write one or two essays and reports during the term. Then I am assistant Librarian in the college, which demands some of my attention. Besides this, I have two essays to write and deliver before the college during the session, and one oration to prepare for a public exhibition at its close. Now I presume you think I have enough to do. But stop *this* is not *all.* I have to speak in the pulpit twice every sabbath, and walk ten miles, and then attend prayer meeting in the evening. Now you know that to sustain myself in one place all the time, must require much extra reading, writing, and thinking. Then I am class leader in the college also, and besides all this have frequent calls to give Temperance speeches, and to attend to all the ordinary prayer meetings, &c. Now if this don't excuse my neglect, then I am guilty. But to tell you the truth I don't get time to call on my best friends. My health is not bad, although my body is very languid; I might say, feeble.

He then gives some account of his late excursion in which, urging his parents to visit his grandmother, he says, "But if you do not visit her soon, you will not see her. She is failing. Her time must be short. But while I a m saying this, I feel that our time may be shorter." He then observes,

"I have just returned from preaching the funeral sermon of an amiable young lady, cut down in the morning of life. She is the third sister that has died in that family within little more than a year. All died of the consumption; all died happy. O! what a warning to be always ready! May *we* ever have our lamps trimmed and our lights burning! The present is no time to slumber. It becomes us all to "watch and be sober." For my own part I feel the importance of living as if this day was my last, and of working as if this were my abiding place.

"I want to visit you all once more at least; and if they will give me a situation in the seminary, I am disposed to make Canada the field of my future action. But if not, I cannot return thither. My education has cost considerable money and much hard study; and now this education must refund that money, if life and health permit. But do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to become a teacher permanently unless the church shall require it. But I must spend two or three years in teaching, until I shall be square with the world, and then the church may do with me as it will. I have no higher ambition than to preach the gospel, and that where I can do most good."

The example of Mr. Hurd has, if we mistake not, already refuted the stale assertion, that a college life is inconsistent with a high degree of devo-

tional feeling. We have had abundant proof of the purity and elevation of his christian character. At no time during his collegiate course did he lose sight of those great principles which he had long since adopted, as the rule of his life. If indeed, the intensity of his interest in religion was ever abated, it was during the harrassing winter he spent at Wethersfield.

His occupations were, at that period, peculiarly trying both to mind and body. Some of his letters while there indicate dissatisfaction with his own religious state, expressing however, earnest desires to rise above those depressions, and strong resolutions of increased devotedness. It is delightful to be assured that those resolutions were carried into effect. On his return to college, having his arrangements more under his own control, he was enabled to reduce his occupations to greater order, and to become more methodical in his seasons of devotion, and to spend more of his time in doing good. The consequence was that his piety assumed a deeper tone and a richer spirit. His aspiratious after holiness were more fervent, and his conversation more heavenly. We learn from his pious room mate, that, for some time before his final illness, he had been unusually engaged in religion. It was evident from his conversation, his actions, his devotions; it was felt in his preaching, his class meeting, and the

praying circle. All indicated that his thoughts, his hopes, and his affections were in Heaven.

He took at this time, a peculiar interest in preaching the word of life to his fellow men, and powerfully felt the importance of the work. One illustration of this may be given both as an evidence of this fact, and as containing something almost prophetic or at least anticipatory of the future. The last Sabbath but one before his death, he preached from Psalm ciii. 15, 16. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." He seemed unusually affected by this subject; and his mind was so absorbed by it, that in the evening, he repeated nearly the whole sermon to his room mate. He admired the beauty and expressiveness of the figure in the text, and dwelt much on the uncertain and fleeting nature of human life. "How much like the flower of the field!" said he, "the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; a breath sweeps it away!" It was not his custom to repeat his sermons, nor was it done on this occasion from any high opinion of his performance. His heart was full of the subject, and he sought the sympathy of a kindred mind. And while this disburdening of his feelings was a relief to himself, it was equally a gratification to his companion. "He repeated

it," says his friend, "not as if telling what he had preached, but as if actually preaching it; with as much warmth and earnestness as if he had been really in the pulpit."

We think the candid reader will acknowledge, that if Mr Hurd's piety underwent any modification during his literary course, it was not in becoming less fervent, less vigorous, or less spiritual; but in becoming more manly, more uniform. more intellectual. His heart had none the less to do with it, but his head much more. In consequence, his character being in a great measure freed from those excrescences that are so apt to protrude from unenlightened minds, however pious, became better balanced, and more symmetrical. If he had less of the ostentation and officiousness of the shallow babbling brook, as it foams against the obstructions in its narrow channel, he possessed more of the depth uniformity and tranquility of the majestic river, as it calmly rolls its waters, to mingle with the glorious emblem of Eternity.

CHAPTER XVI.

Last sickness and death—Sketch of character—his Monument.

During the whole period of which we are speaking, Mr. Hurd still had charge of a small congregation at Middlefield. In his attendance on his pastoral duties he was very punctual. He still pursued the practice of walking out and back; and frequently on his return on Monday mornings, complained of great fatigue, not so much from the walk, as from the exertions of the previous day. A day or two, however, usually restored him. At the time of which we are now speaking, his health was about as ordinary, i. e. not very good, nor observably worse than common. He attended diligently to his studies, and regularly fulfilled all his duties. Some idea of his punctuality may be formed from the fact that, during the time he was assistant librarian in the college, though the hour of opening was a quarter before nine on Monday morning, it is not known that he ever failed to be home in time to attend.

On Thursday the 29th September, he remarked to his room-mate that he felt quite unwell, and thought a walk would do him good. Procuring leave of absence from college, he went to a friend's

at Middlefield to attend a class meeting. Thus what would have been considered by many an arduous duty, was resorted to by this excellent young man as a pleasant recreation. He accordingly walked out, a distance of perhaps four miles, and met the class. Afterwards and during the night, he was worse. In the morning, as the family had no convenience for sending him back, he returned, weak and ill as he was, on foot. The fatigue was evidently too great. His room mate on returning from breakfast, found him lying upon his bed almost exhausted, and evidently laboring under violent disease. A physician was proposed. At first he was unwilling; but yielding to importunity, he made his selection, and no time was lost in getting him to his bed side. But alas! the die was cast. He was already beyond the reach of medicine. Every thing was done for him that his situation admitted. The prescriptions of the physician were strictly followed; his friends, and they were not a few, were unremitting in their attentions; the kind and motherly offices of the excellent stewardess of the boarding hall, were affectionately performed; and every comfort that could be thought of was supplied. All felt a deep solicitude for him, and every one was anxious to render some assistance. Prayer, too, was offered for him both by his christian friends, and in the public

service of the chapel. But it was all in vain. His "days were past, his purposes were broken off." His case seemed decided from the commencement of the attack. His disease, the dysentery, never appeared to yield to the power of medicine for an instant.

The solicitude and kindnsss of his friends could not reverse the decree that had gone forth, and cannot diminish the loss we felt in his death. Yet it may be a consolation to his friends to know, that he was not resigned to the greedy grave without havin every thing done that human instrumentality could, to retard his passage, or if possible to bring him back to health.

It would appear that Mr. Hurd was the first to apprehend the extent of his danger. On Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Smith, then stationed at Wethersfield, called to re-engage him as teacher of the Academy in that place for the ensuing winter. The invalid hesitated; declined giving a positive answer, and finally said he would think of it, and give his reply on Monday. He seemed to feel the vibrations of the scale of life; and thought, rightly too, that by Monday his case would be decided.

On the Sabbath, his friends became seriously alarmed; not from the appearance of mortal symptoms, but from the unyielding obstinacy of his case. Several spoke with him on his religious state; but

his sufferings were so great, and his mind so much under the influence of soporific medicines, that he could converse but little. Yet he often spoke with gratitude and affection of the attentions paid him, and observed that he had been a trouble to his friends his whole life. While he had control over his thoughts, though in great pain, he requested his friend, Mr. Knox, to read to him the xxiii. Psalm, commencing "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want:" and the 4th and 5th chapters of 2d Corinthians, in which are exhibited the afflictions and consolations of the christian. To these he listened with such interest that he became wearied by excitement, and the reading was suspended. His habitual frame of mind, when not under the influence of anodyne, was one of calmness and tranquility.

The Professors visited him as often as was deemed advisable, and he always requested them to pray with him. One of them asked, if he had unwavering confidence in the Savior of sinners. His answer was in the affirmative. "What is your state of feeling as to your relation to God?" 'Not joyous, but calm and peaceful.' "If God should see fit to remove you, can you give up every thing?" 'Yes, all. There is but one thing that I could desire, and that is, to have seen my friends once more. But if God will otherwise, I resign tha

also.' On another occasion he said, 'Once I had a kind mother who watched night and day by my bed side when I was sick: but she has gone to heaven, and I hope soon to meet her there." Some hours before his death, he took the hand of his beloved room mate in his, and in a very affecting manner, said 'my dear chum, we have enjoyed many happy seasons together'—— but he could proceed no further. His feelings overcame him. His friend replied, that "they had, and hoped to enjoy many more; if not in this world, at least in a better." With an earnestness that only a dying person could exhibit, he responded,—'pray for me! O, pray for me!' When after consultation, the physician informed him that the power of medicine was exhausted, and that his restoration was hopeless, he manifested no alarm, no anxiety. He calmly answered 'the will of the Lord be done!'

His extreme sufferings continued almost to the end of life. For two or three hours before death, he was entirely sensible of its approach. He complained of difficulty in breathing, and of coldness in his extremities, and requested to have them rubbed with heated cloths. When his vision began to fail, and the darkness of death to gather round him, he raised his hands and exclaimed, "O give more light!" And soon after his ransomed spirit winged its passage to the realms of eternal day to bask in

unsullied light and purity, and joy, for ever and ever.

In such a death, so calm and tranquil, with a mind so self-possessed, there was at least as much, and in some respects even more of sublimity, than in a death more rapturous and excited. There could be no suspicion of artificial stimulus, there was no predominance of feeling over reason. The whole prospect, the entire sacrifice, lay before him. His past labors in procuring an education; the near attainment of his object; his youth, with the prospect of the future—a life of usefulness and honor—were all in view. Yet there was no repining for the past, no regret of the present, no dread of the future. He did not even mention them. All the earthly desire that clung to his heart, was that he might have seen his friends once more; and even this he could resign to the will of God. This was the triumph of christianity, not over passion and weakness alone, but over the strength and glory of manhood; over reason in its coolness and its power. Such a death deserves to be ranked among the peculiar trophies of the cross, and several to illustrate the moral grandeur of christianity.

Mr. Hurd died on Monday, October 3d, 1836, about three o'clock, P. M., aged 23 years. He was followed to the grave and sincerely deplored by a numerous concourse, consisting of members of the University, and citizens of the place. And

a few weeks afterwards by the request of his class mates, a sermon was preached in the Methodist Church by one of the Professors, in reference to this mournful event, from Phil. i, 21. "To die is gain." The number and deep attention of the assembly sufficiently testified the estimation in which he was held, and the interest felt in his behalf.

Thus we have traced the progress, from his cradle to the grave, of this excellent and interesting young man. A summary of his character will conclude our task.

Mr. Hurd's general character was made up of an assemblage of excellencies, which endeared him extremely to his friends. It is no small testimony to his worth that one long intimate with him observes, "he was most esteemed by those who knew him best." Among his other virtues he was peculiarly remarkable for his modesty, his sensibility, and his unaffected kindness of heart. Of the first we have proof in the entire absence of all egotism. He seldom spoke of himself or his performances; indeed never, unless unavoidably led to it by others. He could not force himself into notice, take unbecoming liberties, or assume familiarities to which he was not invited. He seldom, if ever, made the first advances to intimacy; from which, it was sometimes erroneously inferred, that he was cold

and distant. To his superiors he was always respectful; to his inferiors condescending; towards all kind and obliging. His modesty was further evinced by the terms in which he spoke of his public labors. He seldom called it preaching; according to his own phraseology, he only "spoke or talked to the people." It is owing to the same trait that so little is known of his early life. A person might long have been with him without being aware that he had lived among the Indians, or had passed through any remarkable scenes. If however, he was drawn out upon these topics, he became uncommonly entertaining, abounding in piquant anecdote and instructive observation.

His sensibility was very great. He was keenly alive both to pleasure and pain. As no one more highly estimated a kindness, so no one more keenly fet an injury. Possessing great susceptibility of emotion, his power to move others was proportionate. Though subject, as before remarked, to occasional depressions, yet the habitual tone of his mind was cheerfulness, bordering upon hilarity. Indeed his bosom seemed a reservoir of joyousness, and wherever he went, he seemed to diffuse streams of happiness around him. All felt it, from the aged grandmother in her venerable arm chair, down to the little pratler that ran up for the

accustomed pat upon the head, or to sport and gambol about his knee.

His real kindness of feeling was not less remarkable. He would not intentionally injure a human being, or wantonly trifle with the feelings of friend or foe. With him, even the foibles of others were sacred. He made no sport at another's pain. A word which he thought might appear unkind, has been known to give him acute distress. In speaking of the virtues of others he ever took delight; but if their faults were named, he was instantly silent, or at least evinced a marked reserve. Even where his own feelings have been injured, though his countenance and tone of voice would betray his emotion, yet the excuses and palliations he discovered for them, proved that charity was dominant over a sense of injury. He "overcame evil with good,"

We are aware that certain virtues are very apt to run into the opposite extreme; and nothing is more common than to dignify certain defects with the names of the opposing good qualities. But this was not the case in Mr. Hurd. His modesty never degenerated into debasement of mind, or meanness of spirit; his sensibility could not be confounded with mawkish sentimentalism; nor could his kindness of feeling be mistaken for that indiscriminate good nature, which acts from blind im-

pulse, or indolence of character, rather than from virtuous principle. A well adjusted self-esteem, imparted a dignity to his modesty; and a soundness of judgment secured him against those petty jealousies, and painful caprices of temper, which so often arise from an ill regulated sensibility.

And who can doubt that the various excellencies of his character, had their foundation in deep and evangelical piety? It was this that gave to it beauty, and harmony, and lustre. His piety commenced with a deep conviction of the sinfulness, ignorance, and helplessness of humanity; this led him to an implicit, affectionate, confiding trust in the atonement of the Divine Redeemer, while the influences of the Holy Spirit nurtured his heart in all christian tempers, and caused him to "abound in those fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God." It was evangelical, active faith in the atoning Savior, that formed the golden chain which bound his virtues together, giving unity and loveliness to the whole, and attaching his heart to the interests of immortality.

The specific characteristics of Mr Hurd's piety were depth and spirituality, zeal and activity, and a uniform consistency of deportment. But withal he was far from being gloomy or morose. On the contrary, his piety was singularly cheerful and

inviting. His zeal was without obtrusiveness, and his ardor without rashness. He was humble without meanness, strict without austerity, and strong in attachments without illiberality. Though a decided Methodist in his views and feelings, yet it was without the least tincture of bigotry. When he first became a missionary teacher, it was under the Baptists; his best friend was a Presbyterian; and he loved to mingle with the excellent of every denomination. Indeed some of his Methodist brethren were ready to charge him with lukewarmness towards his own church. But who does not know that he who ranges abroad, and sees and admires the excellencies of all lands, and yet gives the decided preference to his own, pays his own country a much higher compliment than he who loves it indeed, but is too narrow minded to inquire if any other be worth loving?

Of Mr Hurd's mental character, the preceding pages, it is supposed, afford sufficient elucidation. He unquestionably possessed talents of a high order—a rare combination of excellencies. To a most vivid imagination, he added acute discrimination, comprehensive views, closeness of argument, and withal a power of language rarely equalled. His memory too, though perhaps, not much under control of the slighter laws of association, and therefore not remarkably apt at calling up particulars,

and disconnected facts; yet when aided by the philosophic principles of association, it was both tenacious in retaining, and prompt at recalling. Indeed than he, few persons have had their knowledge more completely at command.

Of his mental character, a fine exhibition was once given while at Cazenovia. He was in the chair at the meeting of a society for debate. A subject was discussed by several disputants, in extended speeches; and at the close, it became necessary for the chairman to sum up the arguments previously to pronouncing a decision. He rehearsed them all consecutively; balanced the merits of each side, coolly weighing them together, without the aid of a single note or memorandum, and with an accuracy, a clearness, a soundness of judgment, in one so young, truly astonishing. A gentleman of the bar, who was present, was heard to say that it would have been no discredit to a judge upon the bench.

As a preacher he was distinguished by clearness, simplicity, thought and fervor. He ever remembered the great end of all preaching, to bring sinners to their Savior, and to build up christians in that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." To effect this, he took care to keep the Savior always in view, referring to him as the great atoning sacrifice, and placing every duty privilege

and promise on that only "foundation," other than which "can no man lay, which is Jesus Christ." He was entirely unaffected in manner, and simple in language. He knew that as his labors would answer no valuable ends, unless he were understood, so he should defeat his own purposes by becoming unintelligiable to his auditories. He did not so mistake the ends of good education, as to suppose that it was to raise him above the instruction of the people, or to furnish him with power only to excite unintelligent wonder, or empty admiration. He gained knowledge that he might enlarge the compass of his own thoughts, and diversify his illustrations of divine truth; and he studied language that he might possess the means of expressing those thoughts and illustrations, most efficiently. To convey valuable thoughts in language simple yet forcible, in a style correct but not finical, was the aim of his pulpit preparations. Though when he had opportunity, his sermons were closely studied, yet he never aimed at displays of mere oratory, nor at the production of purely rhetorical effect. He did not go so far as the Rev. David Stoner, the celebrated English revivalist, of whom it was said that his most powerful and effective sermons were written out and memorized. Mr Hurd generally satisfied himself with an outline, consisting of little more than the exordium and divisions, and then,

having well stored his mind with appropriate thoughts, left the language to be suggested by the ardor and excitement of the occasion. By this mode of preparation, he secured a more natural play of the imagination, a more easy, unaffected manner; and not being trammelled by the intense action of one faculty, memory, he was less restrained in the play of the others, and more at liberty to follow out the impulses of his own feelings. Besides, it is not one of the least advantages of this method, that it left him at liberty to rise and fall, and vary the tone and style of sermons, according to the demands of different occasions.

In a letter to his friend the Rev. Charles Bragden, alluding to some one who had made that common mistake of a perverted taste, viz. indulging in an unintelligible pomposity of style, he writes, "But mark brother; don't do like some young shepherds of modern times, put the hay so high in the rack that the young lambs can not reach it. By the bye, some among us put it out of reach of the old sheep!"

In the same letter, expressing his views on the ministry, he observes,

"I feel, my brother, that it is a great thing to be a christian, and a still greater to be a christian minister. Oh! I tremble when I think of that sacred office, and the responsibility resting on a messenger

of divine truth. If an apostle could cry out "who is sufficient for these things?" oh! how ought we to feel, how ought we to look to God for his gracious assistance! Assistance! Nay! For his sovereign grace to do the work!"

In conclusion, it deserves to be noticed that, as a testimony of their respect, his class mates erected to his memory, a chaste and elegant monument. It is made of white marble of simplest form, and most beautiful proportions, resting upon a base of granite: apt emblem of the purity, consistency and firmness of him whom it commemorates! It stands in the college cemetery, a little spot of ground laid out in walks, and planted with ever greens and other ornamental trees and shrubs. It is located upon an eminence in view of the University buildings; and commands a rich and lovely prospect of undulating country, composed of beautifully regular hills and verdant vallies, bounded on every side by distant mountains; and the entire amphitheatre, traversed by the clear and tranquil waters of the Connecticut. There, surrounded by the scenes he loved to look upon, will lie the mouldering ashes of this devoted youth, until the sound of the last trumpet shall shake the earth, and bid the grave release its captives. Then shall he come forth again, clad in the vestments of life, and re-united to the ransomed spirit, shall take his place in the skies,

and celebrate forever the triumphs of redemption. There we hope to see him, and then, perhaps, we may know why he was cut down so early; why such treasures were consigned to the grave, why so many hopes were frustrated. Meanwhile, if we profit by his example, if we shall be stimulated to greater usefulness and devotion, if the spirit which he breathed, be communicated to us while contemplating his character, it shall be proved that he has neither lived nor died in vain; and the noblest monument to his virtues shall be erected in the hearts of those who survive him.

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